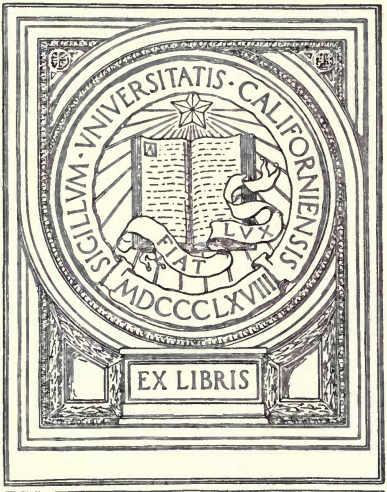
A
000 000 423
4
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

alifornia
gional
ility

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE

WAY TO KEEP HIM,

A

COMEDY

In FIVE ACTS,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. MURPHY.

Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo.

VIRG.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCLXI.

9082 6

(Price 1s. 6d.)

THE

WAY TO KEEP HIM,

A

COMEDY

In FIVE ACTS,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. MURPHY.

Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo.

Virg.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

Printed for P. VAILLANT, Ireing Southampton-Street, in the Strand. MDCCLXI.

(Price 2 s. 6 d.)

PR
3605
M9w
1761

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

WHEN first the haughty critic's dreadful rage,
With Gothic *fury over-ran the stage,*
Then PROLOGUES *rose, and strove with varied art*
To gain the soft accesses to the heart;
Thro' all the tuneful tribe th' infection flew,
And each GREAT GENIUS—*his petition drew,*
In formâ pauperis *address'd the pit,*
With all the gay antithesis of wit.
Their sacred art poor poets own'd a crime;
They sigh'd in simile;—*they bow'd in* rhyme.
For charity they all were fore'd to beg;
And ev'ry Prologue was "a wooden leg."
Next these a hardy manly race appear'd,
Who knew no dulness, and no audience fear'd.
From nature's store each curious tint they drew,
Then boldly held the piece to public view.
" *Lo! here! exact proportion! just design!*
" *The bold relief! and the unerring line!*
" *Mark in soft union how the colours strike!*
" *This, Sirs, you will—or this you ought to like.*"
They bid defiance to the foes of wit,
" *Scatter'd like ratsbane up and down the pit.*"
Such Prologues were of yore;—our bard to-night
Disdains *a false compassion to excite,*
Nor too secure your judgment would oppose;
He packs no jury,—AND HE DREADS NO FOES.
To govern here no party *can expect;*
An audience will preserve its own respect.
Yet premature, nor grown up to full age
His little group uncensur'd walk'd the stage.
His tablet to enlarge his hand he tries,
And bids his canvass glow with various dyes,
Where sense and folly mix in dubious strife,
Alternate rise, and struggle into life.
Judge if with art the mimic strokes he blend,
If amicably light and shade contend;
The mental features, if he trace with skill;
—See the piece first—then damn it if you will.

HARDING
AUG 1938

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

LOVEMORE,	Mr. GARRICK.
Sir BASHFUL CONSTANT,	Mr. YATES.
Sir BRILLIANT FASHION,	Mr. PALMER.
WILLIAM, Serv. to LOVEMORE,	Mr. KING.
SIDEBOARD, Serv. to Sir BASH.	Mr. ACKMAN.

WOMEN.

The Widow BELLMOUR,	Mrs. CIBBER.
Mrs. LOVEMORE,	Mrs. YATES.
Lady CONSTANT,	Mrs. DAVIES.
MUSLIN, Maid to Mrs. LOVEMORE,	Mrs. CLIVE.
MIGNIONET, Maid to Mrs. BELLMOUR,	Miſs BRADSHAW.
FURNISH, Maid to Lady CONSTANT	Miſs HIPPISLEY.
A black Boy belonging to the Widow.	Mr. HURST.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in LOVEMORE's *House*, WILLIAM *at Cards with a Brother Servant.*

WILLIAM.

A PLAGUE on it!—I've turn'd out my game.—Is forty-seven good?——

SERV. Equal.———

WIL. A plague go with it—tearse to a queen!—

SERV. Equal.

WIL. I've ruin'd my game, and be hang'd to me.—I don't believe there's a footman in England plays with worse luck than myself.——Four aces is fourteen!

SERV. That's hard;—cruel, by Jupiter!

WIL. Four aces is fourteen—fifteen *(plays.)*

SERV. There's your equality.—

WIL. Very well——sixteen *(plays)*——seventeen *(plays.)*

Enter MUSLIN.

MUS. There's a couple of you, indeed!—You're so fond of the vices of your betters, that you're scarce out of your beds, when you must pretend to imitate them and their ways, forsooth.—

WIL. Prithee, be quiet, woman, do.—Eighteen *(plays.)*—

MUS. Set you up indeed, Mr. Coxcomb.—

WIL. Nineteen! Clubs *(plays.)*

Mus. Have done with your foolery, will ye?—And ſend my Lady word—

Wil. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Muſlin, you'll put us out.—What ſhall I play?—I'll tell you, woman, my maſter and I deſire to have nothing to ſay to you or your Lady.———Twenty; Diamonds! *(plays.)*

Mus. But I tell you, Mr. Sauce-box, that my lady deſires to know when your maſter came home laſt night, and how he is this morning?

Will. Prithee, be quiet.—I and my maſter, are reſolv'd to be teiz'd no more by you.———And ſo, Mrs. Go-between, you may return as you came.—What the devil ſhall I play?—We'll have nothing to do with you, I tell you.—

Mus. You'll have nothing to do with us!——But you ſhall have to do with us, or I'll know the reaſon why.—*(Snatches the cards out of his hands.)*

Wil. Death and fury!—This meddling woman has deſtroyed my whole game.—

Mus. Now, Sir, will you be ſo obliging as to ſend an anſwer to her queſtions, how and when your rake-helly maſter came home laſt night?——

Wil. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Muſlin,———you and my maſter, will be the death of me at laſt; that's what you will.——In the name of charity, what do you both take me for?—Whatever appearances may be, I am but of mortal mould.—Nothing ſupernatural about me.———

Mus. Upon my word, Mr. Powder-puff!——

Wil. I have not indeed!———And ſo do you ſee, fleſh and blood can't hold it always.—I can't be for ever a ſlave to your whims, and your ſecond-hand airs.—

Mus. Second-hand airs!—

Wil. Yes, ſecond-hand airs! You take 'em at your ladies toilets with their caſt gowns, and ſo you deſcend to us with them.—And then, on the other hand,

hand, there's my maſter!——Becauſe he chuſes to live upon the principal of his health, and ſo run out his whole ſtock as faſt as he can, he muſt have the pleaſure of my company with him in his devil's dance to the other world.—Never at home, till three, four, five, ſix, in the morning?—

Mus. Ay, a vile, ungrateful man, to have ſo little regard for a wife that doats upon him.—And your love for me is all of a piece.——I've no patience with you both.—A couple of falſe, perfidious, abandoned, profligate—

Wil. Hey, hey,—where's your tongue running? —My maſter is, as the world goes, a good ſort of a civil kind of a huſband, and I,—heav'n help me,—a poor ſimpleton of an amorous, conſtant puppy, that bears with all the follies of his little tyrant here.——Come and kiſs me, you jade, come and kiſs me.—

Mus. Paws off, Cæſar.——Don't think to make me your dupe.—I know, when you go with him to this new lady, this Bath acquaintance: and I know you're as falſe as my maſter, and give all my dues to your Mrs. Mignionet there.—

Wil. Huſh, not a word of that.—I'm ruined, preſſed, and ſent on board a tender directly, if you blab that I truſted you with that ſecret———But to charge me with falſehood,——injuſtice and ingratitude! My maſter, to be ſure, does drink an agreeable diſh of tea with the widow.—Has been there every night this month paſt.—How long it will laſt, heav'n knows!—But thither he goes, and I attend him.——I aſk my maſter, Sir, ſays I, what time would you pleaſe to want me?——He gives me his anſwer, and then I ſtrut by Mrs. Mignionet, without ſo much as tipping her one glance; ſhe ſtands watering at the mouth, and A pretty fellow that, ſays ſhe.———Ay, ay, gaze on, ſays I, gaze on;——I ſee what you would be at:——you'd be glad to

have me,———you'd be glad to have me!——— But four grapes, my dear! I'll go home and cherish my own lovely wanton;———and so I do, you know I do.———Then after toying with thee, I hasten back to my master; later indeed than he desires, but always too soon for him.———He's loth to part; he lingers and dangles, and I stand cooling my heels.———O! to the devil I pitch such a life.———

Mus. Why don't you strive to reclaim the vile man then?

Wil. Softly, not so fast;—I have my talent to be sure! yes, yes, I have my talent; some influence over my master's mind: but can you suppose, that I have power to turn the drift of his inclinations, and lead him as I please———and to whom?——to his wife! Pshaw! Ridiculous,———foolish, and absurd!

Mus. Mighty well, Sir! Can you proceed?

Wil. I tell you a wife is out of date, now-a-days;—time was—but that's all over—a wife's a drug now; meer tar-water, with every virtue under heaven, but no body takes it.—

Mus. Well, I swear I could slap your impudent face.———

Wil. Come and kiss me, I say.———

Mus. A fiddlestick for your kisses, — while you encourage your master to open rebellion against the best of wives.———

Wil. I tell you it's her own fault; why don't she strive to please him, as you do me? Come, throw your arms about my neck———

Mus. Ay, as I used to do, Mr. Brazen!

Wil. Then must I force you to your own good —*(kisses her)* —Pregnant with delight! Egad if my master was not in the next room—

Mus. Hush! My lady's bell rings,—how long has he been up?

Wil.

WIL. He has been up—He has been up—'Sdeath you've ſet me all on fire.——

MRS. There, there,———the bell rings again—Let me be gone——*(going,)* well, but what muſt I ſay? When did he come home?

WIL. At five this morning, rubbed his forehead, damn'd himſelf for a blockhead, went to bed in a peeviſh humour, and is now in tip-top ſpirits with Sir Brilliant Faſhion, in the next room.

MRS. Oh lud! That bell rings again—There, there let me be gone. *(She kiſſes him and exit.*

WIL. There goes high and low life contraſted in one perſon —'tis well I have not told her the whole of my maſter's ſecrets: ſhe'll blab that he viſits this widow from Bath——But if they enquire, they'll be told, he does not—The plot lies deeper than they are aware of, and ſo they will only get into a puzzle —huſh! — yonder comes my maſter and Sir Brilliant—Let me get out of the way. [*Exit.*

Enter LOVEMORE *and Sir* BRILLIANT.

LOVE. Ha! ha!—my dear Sir Brilliant—I muſt both pity and laugh at you——thou art metamorphoſed into the moſt whimſical being!—

Sir BRIL. Nay, prithee, Lovemore, truce with your raillery—it is for ſober advice that I apply to you—

LOVE. Sober advice!—ha! ha!—Thou art very far gone indeed—Sober advice!—There is no ſuch thing as talking ſeriouſly and ſoberly to the tribe of lovers—That eternal abſence of mind that poſſeſſes ye all—There is no ſociety with you — I was damnable company myſelf when I was one of the pining herd; but a doſe of matrimony has brought me back again to myſelf,—has cooled me pretty handſomely, I aſſure you;—ay! and here comes *repetatur Hauſtus.*———

Enter

Enter MUSLIN.

Mus. My lady ſends her compliments, and deſires to know how you are this morning?

Love. Oh! Lord! my head aches woefully—it's the devil to be teazed in this manner—what did you ſay, child?

Mus. My lady ſent to know how you do, Sir—

Love. Oh! right!—your lady——give her my compliments, and I am very well, tell her—

Mus. She begs you won't think of going out without ſeeing her——

Love. There again now!—tell her—tell her what you will—I ſhall be glad to ſee her—I'll wait on her, —any thing—what you will.

Mus. I ſhall let my lady know, Sir.— [*Exit.*

Love. My dear Sir Brilliant, you ſee I am an example before your eyes——Put the widow Bellmour entirely out of your head, and let my Lord Etheridge——

Sir Bril. Poſitively no!—my pride is picqued, and my Lord Etheridge ſhall find me a more formidable rival than he is aware of.—

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Sir Baſhful Conſtant is in his chariot at the upper end of the ſtreet, and has ſent his ſervant to know if your honour is at home——

Lov. By all means——I ſhall be glad to ſee Sir Baſhful *(Exit William.)* Now here comes another mortifying inſtance to deter you from all thoughts of marriage.

Sir Bril. Pſhaw! hang him; he is no inſtance for me—a younger brother, who has lived in middling life; comes to an eſtate and a title on the death of a conſumptive baronet, marries a woman of quality, and carries the primitive ideas of his narrow education

ducation into high life—Hang him!—he is no example for me—I remember him when he had chambers in fig-tree court; ſauntered and lounged away his time in temple coffee-houſes; ſhy of every body, and running into corners of the room to hold a private conference with his cane, which he applied cloſely to his mouth *(Mimicks him.)*

LOVE. But he is a good deal improved ſince that time—

Sir BRIL. Po! a meer Hottentot! unacquainted with life,—bluſhes every moment, and looks ſuſpicious, as if he imagined you have ſome deſign upon him.—

LOVE. Why, I fancy I can explain that—I have found out a part of his character lately.—You muſt know, there is nothing he dreads ſo much as being an object of ridicule; and ſo let the cuſtoms and faſhions of the world be ever ſo abſurd, he complies, leſt he ſhould be laughed at for being particular.

Sir BRIL. And ſo, thro' the fear of being ridiculous, he becomes ſubſtantially ſo every moment.

LOVE. Juſt ſo—and then to ſee him ſhrink back as it were from your obſervation, caſting a jealous and fearful eye all round him *(Mimicks him.)*

Sir BRIL. Ha! ha!—that's his way—but there is ſomething worſe in him——his behaviour to his lady—Ever quarrelling, and inſulting her with nonſenſe about the dignity of a huſband, and his ſuperior reaſon.

LOVE. Why, there again now; his fear of being ridiculous may be at the bottom of that.——I don't think he hates my lady Conſtant—She is a fine woman, and knows the world.—There is ſomething myſterious in that part of his conduct.

Sir BRIL. Myſterious!—not to you—he is ever conſulting you—you are in all his ſecrets.

LOVE.

Love. Yes! but I never can find any of them out——and yet there is something working within that he would fain tell me, and yet he is shy, and he hints, and he hesitates, and then he returns again into himself, and ends just where he began.—Hark! I hear his chariot at the door—

Sir Bril. Why do you let him come after you?—he is a sad troublesome fellow, Lovemore.

Love. Nay, you're too severe——come, he has fits of good-nature.

Sir Bril. His wife has fits of good-nature you mean—how goes on your design there?

Love. Po! Po! I have no design, but I take it you are a formidable man in that quarter.

Sir Bril. Who I? Pshaw! no such thing.

Love. Never deny it to me—I know you have made advances.

Sir Bril. Why faith, I pity my lady Constant, and cannot bear to see her treated as she is.

Love. Well!—that's generous—have a care; I hear him—Sir Brilliant, I admire your amorous charity of all things——ha! ha!——hush! Here he comes.

Enter Sir BASHFUL.

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore a good morning to you——Sir Brilliant, your servant, Sir.

Sir Bril. Sir Bashful, I am heartily glad to see you—I hope you left my lady well.

Sir Bash. I can't say, Sir; I am not her physician.

Sir Bril. What a brute! well, Lovemore! I must be gone.

Love. Why in such a hurry?

Sir Bril. I must——I promised to call on a lady over the way—A relation of mine from Wiltshire—I shan't stay long—I shall be with you again before you are dressed.

Love.

LOVE. Very well!——a l'honneur.

Sir BRIL. Sir Baſhful, your ſervant—Mr. Lovemore, yours. [*Exit.*

LOVEMORE *and Sir* BASHFUL.

Sir BASH. Mr. Lovemore, I am glad he is gone; for I have ſomething to adviſe with you about.

LOVE. Have you?

Sir BASH. I have had another bruſh with my wife!

LOVE. I am ſorry for it, Sir Baſhful—I am perfectly glad of it. [*Aſide.*

Sir BASH. Ay! and pretty warm the quarrel was. "Sir Baſhful," ſays ſhe, "I wonder you will diſ-"grace yourſelf at this rate——you know my pin-"money is not ſufficient.——My mercer has been "with me again—I can't bear to be dunn'd at this "rate;"—and then ſhe added ſomething about her quality—you know, Mr. Lovemore, *(ſmiling)* ſhe is a woman of quality.

LOVE. Yes, and a fine woman too!

Sir BASH. no—no—no—do you think ſhe is a fine woman?

LOVE. Moſt certainly!—a very fine woman!—

Sir BASH. *(ſmiling)* why, yes!——I think ſhe is what you may call a fine woman.—She keeps good company Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE. The very beſt.

Sir BASH. Yes, yes; that ſhe does; your tip-top; none elſe;—but one would not encourage her too much for all that, Mr. Lovemore—The world would think me but a weak man, if I did.

LOVE. Why yes; the world will talk.

Sir BASH. Ay! ſo it will;—and ſo I anſwered her ſtoutly. Madam, ſays I, a fig for your quality—don't quality me—I'll act like a man of ſenſe, Madam, and I'll be maſter in my own houſe, Madam;—I have made a proviſion for the iſſue of our mar-

riage in the settlement, Madam; and I would have you to know, that I am not obliged to pay for your cats and your dogs, and your squirrels, and your monkeys, and your gaming debts.

LOVE. How could you? that was too sharply said—

SIR BASH. I gave it her—but for all that *(smiling)* I—I—I am—very good natured at the bottom, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE. I dare say you are Sir Bashful—

SIR BASH. Yes, yes; but a man must keep up his own dignity—'Ill tell you what I did———I went to the mercer myself, and paid him the money *(smiles at him.)*

LOVE. Did you?

SIR BASH. I did; but then one would not let the world know that—no—no—

LOVE. By no means.—

SIR BASH. It would make them think me too uxorious.

LOVE. So it would!—I must encourage that notion of his *(aside.)*

SIR BASH. And so I told him; Mr. Lutestring, says I, mum's the word—there is your money, but let no body know that I paid you slily.

LOVE. Well! you have the handsomest way of doing a genteel thing—

SIR BASH. But that is not all I have to tell you.

LOVE. No!

SIR BASH. No—no— *(smiles)* I have a deeper secret than that.

LOVE. Have ye?

SIR BASH. I have;—may I trust you?

LOVE. O! upon my honour—

SIR BASH. Well! well! I know you are my friend ——I know you are, and I have great confidence in you—you must know——

Enter

Enter MUSLIN.

Mus. Sir, My lady desires to know if you will drink a dish of tea this morning?

Love. I desire I may not be teazed in this manner—tell your mistress—go,—go about your business.— [*Turns her out.*

Sir Bash. (*aside.*) Ay! I see he does not care a cherry-stone for his wife.

Love. I hate this interruption—Well Sir Bashful—

Sir Bash. No; he does not care a pinch of snuff for her. [*Aside.*

Love. Proceed Sir Bashful—

Sir Bash. It does not signify, Mr. Lovemore; it's a foolish affair; I won't trouble you about it—

Love. Nay; that's unkind—

Sir Bash. Well! well!—I will—I will—But pray do you think Muslin did not over-hear us?

Love. Not a syllable—come, come, we are safe.

Sir Bash. I don't know whether I may venture to tell him—[*aside.*] Let me ask you a question first—Pray now, have you any regard for your lady?

Love. The highest value for her.

Sir Bash. I repose it with you—You must know, Mr. Lovemore—as I told you—I—I—I am at the bottom a very good-natured man, and tho' appearances in some sort—We are interrupted again.—

Enter Sir BRILLIANT.

Sir Bril. Well, I have paid my visit, Lovemore.

Love. This is the most cross accident——so Sir Brilliant!—

Sir Bash. Ah! I see there is no going on now—Mr. Lovemore, I wish you a good day.

Love. Po! Prithee! you shan't go.—

Sir BASH. yes, yes; another time will do;—ſuppoſe you call at my houſe at one o'clock—no body ſhall interrupt us there— [*Aſide to* Lovemore.

LOVE. With all my heart.

Sir BASH. Do ſo then; do ſo—we'll be ſnug by ourſelves—Well, Mr. Lovemore, a good morning—Sir Brilliant, I kiſs your hand—you won't forget, Mr. Lovemore!

LOVE. Depend upon me.

Sir BASH. Very well!——he is the only friend I have. [*Exit.*

LOVEMORE, *Sir* BRILLIANT.

LOVE. ha! ha!—you broke in upon us in the moſt critical moment—He was juſt going to communicate——

Sir BRIL. I beg your pardon; I did not know—

LOVE. Nay, it's no matter; I ſhall get it out of him another time.

Enter MUSLIN.

MUS. My lady, Sir, is quite impatient.

LOVE. Pſhaw! for ever teazing—I'll wait upon her. [*Exit* Muſlin.

Sir BRIL. I'll ſtep and entertain her while you dreſs—may I take that liberty, Lovemore?

LOVE. You know you may; no ceremony; how could you aſk ſuch a queſtion?—apropos; Sir Brilliant!—Step for one moment into my ſtudy—I want juſt one word with you—

Sir BRIL. I attend you—

LOVE. This abſurd Sir Baſhful!—ha! ha! a ridiculous, unaccountable—ha! ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *another Apartment*; *Mrs.* LOVEMORE *and a Maid attending her.*

Mrs. LOVE. —This traſh of tea!—I don't know why I drink ſo much of it.—Heigh ho!—I wonder what keeps Muſlin—do you ſtep, child, with my com-

compliments to your master, and let him know, I shall be glad of his company to a dish of tea this morning.———

MAID. Yes, Ma'am.——— [*Exit.*

Mrs. LOVE. Surely, never was any poor woman treated with such cruel indifference; nay, with such an open undisguised insolence of gallantry.

Enter MUSLIN.

Mrs. LOVE. Well, Muslin, have you seen his prime minister?—

MUS. Yes, Ma'am, I have seen Mr. William, and he says, as how my master came home according to custom, at five this morning, and in a huge pickle. —He's now in his study, and has Sir Brilliant Fashion with him.

Mrs. LOVE. Is he there again?

MUS. He is Ma'am; and I heard them both laughing as loud as any thing.———

Mrs. LOVE. About some precious mischief, I'll be sworn; and all at my cost too!—heigh ho!

MUS. Dear Ma'am, why will you chagrine yourself about a vile man, that is not worth,—no, as I live and breathe,—not worth a single sigh?———

Mrs. LOVE. What can I do, Muslin?

MUS. Do, Ma'am! Lard!—If I was as you, I'd do for him;—As I am a living christian, I would— If I could not cure my grief, I'd find some comforts, that's what I would.

Mrs. LOVE. Heigh ho!—I have no comfort.—

MUS. No comfort, Ma'am?—Whose fault then? —Would any body but you, Ma'am?—It provokes me to think of it.—Would any body, Ma'am, young and handsome as you are, with so many accomplishments, Ma'am, sit at home here, as melancholy as a poor servant out of place?—And all this for what? —Why for a husband, and such a husband!———

What

What do you think the world will ſay of you, Ma'am, if you go on this way?

Mrs. Love. I care not what they ſay,—I am tired of the world, and the world may be tired of me, if it will:—My troubles are my own only, and I muſt endeavour to bear them—Who knows what patience may do?——If Mr. Lovemore has any feeling left, my reſignation may ſome day or other have its effect, and incline him to do me juſtice.

Mus. But, dear Ma'am, that's waiting for dead mens ſhoes,—incline him to do you juſtice!—What ſignifies expecting and expecting?—Give me a bird in the hand.—Lard, Ma'am, to be for ever pining and grieving!—Dear heart!—If all the women in London, in your caſe, were to ſit down and die of the ſpleen, what would become of all the public places?——They might turn Vaux-hall to a hop-garden, make a brew-houſe of Ranelagh, and let both the play-houſes to a methodiſt preacher. We ſhould not have the racketting with 'em we have now.——"John, let the horſes be put to—"John, go to my lady Trumpabout's, and invite "her to a ſmall party of twenty or thirty card-"tables.—John, run to my lady Cat-gut, and let "her Ladyſhip know I'll wait on her to the new "opera.—John, run as faſt as ever you can, with "my compliments to Mr. Varney, and tell him I "ſhall take it as the greateſt favour on earth, if he "will let me have a ſide-box for the new play.—"No excuſe, tell him."—They whiſk about the town and rantipole it with as unconcerned looks, and as florid outſides, as if they were treated at home like ſo many goddeſſes, tho' every body knows poſſeſſion has *ungoddeſſed* them all long ago, and their huſbands care no more for them,—no by jingo, no more than they do for their huſbands.—

Mrs. Love. You run on at a ſtrange rate.—

Mus. *(In a paſſion.)* Dear Ma'am, 'tis enough to make

make a body run on—If every body thought like you———

Mrs. Love. If every body lov'd like me.—

Mus. A braſs thimble for love, if it is not anſwered by love.—What the duce is here to do?—Shall I go and fix my heart upon a man, that ſhall deſpiſe me for that very reaſon, and, " Ay," ſays he, " poor fool, I ſee ſhe loves me,—the woman's " well enough, only ſhe has one inconvenient cir- " cumſtance about her: I'm married to her, and " marriage is the devil."———And then, when he's going a roguing, ſmiles impudently in your face, and, " My dear, divert yourſelf, I'm juſt going to " kill half an hour at the chocolate-houſe, or to peep " in at the play; your ſervant, my dear, your ſer- " vant."—Fye upon 'em!—I know 'em all.—Give me a huſband that will enlarge the circle of my innocent pleaſures:———but a huſband now-a-days, Ma'am, is no ſuch a thing.—A huſband now—as I hope for mercy, is nothing at all but a ſcare-crow, to ſhew you the fruit, but touch it if you dare.—A huſband—the devil take 'em all—Lord forgive me for ſwearing—is nothing at all but a bug-bear, a ſnap-dragon; a huſband, Ma'am, is—

Mrs. Love. Prithee, peace with your tongue, and ſee what keeps that girl.

Mus. Yes, Ma'am,—why Jenny,—why don't you come up to my lady?—What do you ſtand a goſſipping there for?—A huſband, Ma'am, is a mere monſter;—that is to ſay, if one makes him ſo; then, for certain, he is a monſter indeed;—and if one does not make him ſo, then he behaves like a monſter; and of the two evils, by my troth——— Ma'am, was you ever at the play of Catharine and Mercutio?—The vile man calls his wife his goods, and his chattles, and his houſhold ſtuff.—There you may ſee, Ma'am, what a huſband is,—a huſband is

—But here comes one will tell you—Here comes Sir Brilliant Faſhion.—Aſk his advice, Ma'am.

Mrs. Love. His advice! Aſk advice of the man who has eſtranged Mr. Lovemore's affections from me!

Mus. Well, I proteſt and vow, Ma'am, I think Sir Brilliant a very pretty gentleman.—He's the very pink of the faſhion;—he dreſſes faſhionably, lives faſhionably, wins your money faſhionably, loſes his own faſhionably, and does every thing faſhionably; and then, he is ſo lively, and talks ſo lively, and ſo much to ſay, and ſo never at a loſs.—But here he comes.

Enter Sir BRILLIANT *ſinging.*

Sir Bril. Mrs. Lovemore, your moſt obedient very humble ſervant.—But, my dear madam, what always in a vis-a-vis party with your *Suivante!*—You will afford me your pardon, my dear Ma'am, if I avow that this does a little wear the appearance of miſanthropy.

Mrs. Love. Far from it, Sir Brilliant—We were engaged in your panegyric.—

Sir Bril. My panegyric!—Then am I come moſt apropos to give a helping hand towards making it complete.—Mr. Lovemore will kiſs your hand preſently, Ma'am;—he has not as yet entirely adjuſted his dreſs—In the mean time, I can, if you pleaſe, help you to ſome anecdotes, which will perhaps enable you to colour your canvaſs a little higher.

Mrs. Love. I hope you will be ſure, among thoſe anecdotes, not to omit the egregious exploit of ſeducing Mr. Lovemore entirely from his wife.

[*She makes a ſign to* Muſlin *to go.*

Sir Bril. I, Ma'am!—Let me periſh, Ma'am—

Mrs. Love. Oh! Sir, I am no ſtranger to—

Sir Bril. May fortune eternally forſake me, and beauty frown on me, if ever—

Mrs.

Mrs. Love. Don't proteſt too ſtrongly, Sir Brilliant—

Sir Bril. May I never hold four by honours—

Mrs. Love. Nay, but Sir.—

Sir Bril. Ma'am, I am altogether ſtruck with amazement.—May I never taſte the dear delight of breaking a Pharaoh bank, or bullying the whole room at a brag-party, if ever I was, in thought, word, or deed, acceſſary to his infidelity.---I deny all unlawful confederacy. ———

Mrs. Love. O! Sir, it is in vain to deny.

Sir Bril. Nay, but my dear Mrs. Lovemore, give me leave.----I alienate the affections of Mr. Lovemore!----Conſider, Madam, how would this tell in Weſtminſter-hall.----Sir Brilliant Faſhion, How ſay you, guilty of this indictment, or not guilty?----Not guilty, poſs.---Thus iſſue is joined; ----you enter the court, and in ſober ſadneſs charge the whole plump upon me, without a word as to the how, when, and where;----No proof poſitive, ----there ends the proſecution.

Mrs. Love. But, Sir, your ſtating of the caſe----

Sir Bril. Dear Ma'am, don't interrupt.----

Mrs. Love. Let me explain this matter.----

Sir Bril. Nay, Mrs. Lovemore, allow me fair play.----I am now upon my defence.----You will pleaſe to conſider, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Lovemore is not a ward, nor I a guardian; that he is his own maſter to do as he pleaſes; that Mr. Lovemore is fond of gaiety, pleaſure, and enjoyment; that he knows how to live; to make uſe of the ſenſes nature has given him, and pluck the fruit that grows around him. That is the whole affair. How ſay ye?----Gentlemen of the jury?----Not guilty----There, Ma'am, you ſee, Not guilty.

Mrs. Love. You run on finely, Sir Brilliant;---- but don't imagine that this bantering way----

Sir BRIL. Acquitted by my country, Ma'am you ſee,----fairly acquitted!----

Mrs. LOVE. After the very edyfying counſel you give Mr. Lovemore, this looſe ſtrain of yours, Sir Brilliant, is not at all ſurpriſing;----and, Sir, your late project----

Sir BRIL. My late project!----

Mrs. LOVE. Yes, Sir: Not content with leading Mr. Lovemore, into a thouſand diſſipations from all conjugal affection and domeſtic happineſs, you have lately introduced him to your Mrs. Bellmour.----

Sir BRIL. Ma'am, he does not ſo much as know Mrs. Bellmour.

Mrs. LOVE. Fye upon it, Sir Brilliant!---- falſehood is but a poor----

Sir BRIL. Falſehood I diſdain, Ma'am,----and I Sir Brilliant Faſhion declare, that Mr. Lovemore, your huſband, is not acquainted with the widow Bellmour;----You don't know that lady, Ma'am. ----But I'll let you into her whole hiſtory,----her whole hiſtory, Ma'am:----Pray be ſeated. The widow Bellmour is a lady of ſo agreeable a vivacity, that it is no wonder all the pretty fellows are on their knees to her---Her manner ſo entertaining, ſuch quickneſs of tranſition from one thing to another; and every thing ſhe does, does ſo become her;---- and then ſhe has ſuch a feeling heart, and ſuch generoſity of ſentiment!----

Mrs. LOVE. Mighty well Sir!----She is a very Veſtal----and a Veſtal from your ſchool of painting muſt be very curious. But give me leave, Sir---- How comes it that you deſiſt from paying your addreſſes in that quarter?

Sir BRIL. Why faith, I brib'd her chambermaid, and I find that my lord George Etheridge,—who I thought was out of the kingdom,—is the happy man; and ſo all that remains for me, is to do juſtice

ſtice to the lady, and conſole myſelf in the beſt manner I can for the inſufficiency of my pretenſions.

Mrs. Love. And am I really to believe all this?

Sir Bril. May the firſt woman I put the queſtion to, ſtrike me to the center with a ſupercilious eyebrow, if every ſyllable is not minutely true,---ſo that you ſee, Ma'am, I am not the cauſe of your inquietude.---There is not on earth a man that could be more averſe from ſuch a thing,---nor a perſon in the world, who more earneſtly aſpires to prove the tender eſteem he bears ye,---*(She riſes diſconcerted.)*---You ſee, my dear Ma'am, we both have cauſe of diſcontent; we are both diſappointed,---both croſſed in love,---and ſo Ma'am, the leaſt we can do is, both heartily join to----

Lovemore ſpeaks within.----William! Is the Chariot at the door?

Sir Bril. We are interrupted.----

Enter LOVEMORE.

Love. Very well,--- let the chariot be brought round directly.---How do you do this morning, my dear? Sir Brilliant, I beg your pardon.----How do you do my dear?---- *(With an air of cold civility.)*

Mrs. Love. Only a little indiſpoſed in mind, and indiſpoſition of the mind is of no ſort of conſequence; not worth a cure.----

Love. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lovemore; Indiſpoſition of the mind----Sir Brilliant, that is really a mighty pretty ring you have on your finger.----

Sir Bril. A bauble: Will you look at it?

Mrs. Love. Though I have but few obligations to Sir Brilliant, yet I fancy I may aſcribe to him the favour of this viſit, Mr. Lovemore.

Love. *(Looking at the ring.)*----Nay, now poſitively you wrong me;---I was obliged to you for your civil enquiries concerning me this morning,

and so on my part, I came to return the compliment before I go abroad.—Upon my word 'tis very prettily set----*(Gives it.)*

Mrs. Love. Are you going abroad Sir?----

Love. A matter of business;----I hate business ----but business must be done.----*(Examining his ruffles.)*----Pray is there any news?----any news, my dear?

Mrs. Love. It would be news to me, Sir, if you would be kind enough to let me know whether I may expect the favour of your company to dinner.

Love. It would be impertinent in me to answer such a question, because I can give no direct positive answer to it;—as things happen—perhaps I may, —perhaps may not.----But don't let me be of any inconvenience to you;----it is not material where a body eats.----Apropos, you have heard what happened, *(to Sir Brilliant.)*

Sir Bril. When, and where?

Love. A word in your ear——Ma'am with your permission.——

Mrs. Love. That cold, contemptuous civility, Mr. Lovemore——

Love. Pshaw!----Prithee now,----How can you, my dear?----That's very peevish now, and ill-natured.--- It is but about a meer trifle—Hark ye, *(whispers)* I lost every thing I play'd for after you went,----the Foreigner, and he understand one another.——I beg pardon, Ma'am, it was only about an affair at the opera

Mrs. Love. The opera, Mr. Lovemore, or any thing, is more agreeable than my company.

Love. You wrong me now, I declare you wrong me;----and if it will give you any pleasure, I'll sup at home.----Can't we meet at the St. Alban's to-night?----*(aside to Sir Brilliant.)*

Mrs. Love. I believe I need not tell you what pleasure

pleaſure that would give me: But unleſs the pleaſure is mutual, Mr. Lovemore.——

Love. Ma'am I----I----I perceive all the delicacy of that ſentiment;-----But----a----I ſhall incomode you,-----you poſſibly may have ſome private party---and it would be very unpolite in me, to obſtruct your ſchemes of pleaſure.-----Would it not, Sir Brilliant? *(laughs.)*

Sir Bril. It would be gothic to the laſt degree. Ha! ha!

Love. Ha! ha!----To be ſure, for me to be of the party, would look as if we lived together like our friend Sir Baſhful Conſtant and his lady, who are for ever like two game-cocks, ready armed to goad and wound one another moſt heartily.-----Ha! ha!

Sir Bril. The very thing.----Ha! ha!

Love. So it is,----ſo it is. *(Both ſtand laughing.)*

Mrs. Love. Very well, gentlemen; you have it all to yourſelves.

Love. Odſo! *(looking at his watch,)* I ſhall be beyond my time.----Any commands into the city, Madam?----

Mrs. Love. Commands!----I have no commands, Sir.

Love. I have an appointment there at my Banker's;----Sir Brilliant, you know old Diſcount?----

Sir Bril. What, he that was in parliament?----

Love. The ſame;----Entire Butt, I think, was the name of the borough.----Ha! ha! ha!----Can I ſet you down any where, Sir Brilliant?

Sir Bril. Can you give me a caſt in St. James's ſtreet?

Love. By all means—*Allons*—Mrs. Lovemore, your moſt obedient, M'am—Who waits there?—Mrs. Lovemore, no ceremony—your ſervant.

(Exit ſinging.)

Sir

Sir Bril. Ma'am you see I don't carry Mr. Lovemore abroad now—I have the honour, Ma'am, to take my leave—I shall have her I see plainly;—Sir Brilliant mind your hits, and your business is done. (*Aside.*) Ma'am, your most obedient.—

(*Exit.*

Enter MUSLIN *hastily.*

Mus. Did you call Ma'am?

Mrs. Love. To be insulted thus by his loose confident carriage!—

Mus. As I live and breathe, Ma'am, if I was as you, I would not flutter myself about it.—

Mrs. Love. About what?

Mus. La! what signifies mincing matters?—I overheard it all.

Mrs. Love. You did;—did you? (*angrily.*)

Mus. Ma'am!—

Mrs. Love. It does not signify at present.—

Mus. No Ma'am, it does not signify, and revenge is sweet, I think; and by my troth, I don't see why you should stand on ceremony with a husband that stands upon none with you.

Mrs. Love. Again — prithee, Mrs. Malapert, none of your advice.—How dare you talk in this manner to me?—Let me hear no more of this impertinent freedom.—(*walks about.*)

Mus. No, Ma'am.—It's very well, Ma'am.—I have done, Ma'am, — (*disconcerted, and then she speaks aside.*)—What the devil is here to do?—An unmannerly thing to go for to huff me in this manner!—

Mrs. Love. (*Still walking about.*) To make his character public, and render him the subject of every tea-table throughout this town, would only serve to widen the breach, and, instead of his neglect, might call forth his anger, and settle at last into a fixed aversion --lawyers, parting, and separate maintenance would

would enſue.—No,—I muſt avoid that,—if poſſible; I will avoid that.—What muſt be done?

Mus. What can ſhe be thinking of now?—The ſulky thing, not to be more familiar with ſuch a friend as I am!—What can ſhe mean?—Did you ſpeak to me Ma'am?———

Mrs. Love. Suppoſe I were to try that!—Muſlin.

Mus. Ma'am!—Now for it.—

Mrs. Love. You heard Sir Brilliant deny that Mr. Lovemore viſits at this widow Bellmour's.

Mus. Lard, Ma'am, he is as full of fibs as a French milliner,—he does viſit there,—I know it all from William,—I'll be hang'd in my own garters if he does not.

Mrs. Love. I know not what to do!—Heigh-ho!—I think I'll venture.—Let my chair be got ready inſtantly.

Mus. Your chair, Ma'am!—Are you going out, Ma'am?

Mrs. Love. Don't teaze me with your talk, but do as I bid you,—and bring my capuchin down to the parlour immediately. *(Exit.)*

Mus. What is in the wind now?—An ill-natured puſs, not to tell me what ſhe is about.—It's no matter,—ſhe does not know what ſhe is about—Before I'd lead ſuch a life, I'd take a lover's leap into Roſamond's pond.—I love to ſee company for my part.—But, Lord bleſs me! I had like to have forgot,—Mrs. Marmalet comes to my rout to-night.—I had as live ſhe had ſtaid away,—She's nothing but mere lumber!—ſo formal, that ſhe won't play above a ſhilling-whiſt.—How the devil does ſhe think I'm to make a ſhilling party for her?—There's no ſuch a thing to be done now-a-days,—no body plays ſhilling-whiſt now.

[*Exit in a paſſion.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE, a Room at Sir BASHFUL CONSTANT's.

Enter Sir BASHFUL.

DID not I hear a knock at the door?—yes, yes;—I did—the coach is just driving away—Sideboard!—Sideboard! come hither I tell you—come hither, Sideboard—I must know who it is—my wife keeps the best company in England—but I must be wary; I must be cautious; servants love to peep into the bottom of their master's secrets.

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Whose coach was that at the door but now?

SIDE. The dutchess of Hurricane, please your Honour.

Sir BASH. The dutchess of Hurricane!—a woman of great rank *(aside and laughing.)* The dutchess of Hurricane, Sideboard! What did she want?

SIDE. I can't say, your Honour——She left this card.

Sir BASH. A card! let me see it *(reads)* "*The* "*dutchess of* Hurricane's *compliments to lady* Constant; *she has left the Rooks, and the country Squires,* "*and the Crows, and the Fox-hunters, and the Dogs,* "*to their own dear society for the rest of the winter,* "*and lets her ladyship know that she sees company at* "Hurricane-*house on* Wednesdays *for the remainder* "*of the season.*"—Make me thankful! here's a card from a dutchess!—what have you in your hand?—

SIDE. Cards they have been leaving here all the morning, your Honour.

Sir BASH. All the morning!—why, I may as well keep an inn; may as well keep the coach and horſes in Piccadilly—I won't bear this, Sideboard—I can't bear it; it is too much pleaſure, *(aſide.)*—Let me ſee;—let me ſee——

SIDE. There, your honour——*(Gives him ſeveral ſlips of cards.)*

Sir BASH. *(reads.)* "Lady *Riot*—Mrs. *Almight* "—The dutcheſs of *Carmine*——Look ye there! "another dutcheſs! Mrs. *Loveit*—Lady *Baſſet*—— "Lord *Pleuriſie*—The counteſs of *Ratifie*——Sir "*Richard Lungs*——Lord *Laudanum*——Sir "*Charles Valerian*—Lady *Hectic*——Lady *Mary* "*Gabble*."—What, all theſe this morning, Sideboard? This is too much—all people of tip-top condition to viſit my wife——

Enter FURNISH.

Sir BASH. What's the matter, Furniſh?

FUR. Nothing, Sir; nothing's the matter—

Sir BASH. What are you about?—where are you going? what have you to do now?

FUR. To do ſo, Sir!—only to tell the chairmen they muſt go out with the chair in the evening, and black George with the flambeau before 'em to pay ſome viſits for my lady this evening, that's all, Sir.

Sir BASH. An empty chair to return viſits!—What polite ways people of faſhion have of being intimate with one another!—I can't help laughing at it; I like to ſee my wife do like other people—*(laughs aſide)* but I ſhall be found out by my ſervants—I tell you, Sideboard, and I tell you too, Mrs. Impertinence, that my lady leads a life of folly, and noiſe, and hurry, and cards, and dice, and abſurdity, and nonſenſe, and I won't bear it; I am reſolv'd I will not.—I think I hear her coming;—I do; I do;—I will not go on this way, and now I'll tell her roundly a piece of my mind.

Enter Lady CONSTANT.

Sir BASH. *(aside.)* She looks charmingly—ſo, my lady Conſtant, I have have had my houſe full of duns again to-day.

Lady CON. obliging creatures! to call ſo often—What did they want?

Sir BASH. What did they want? they wanted their money——

Lady CON. Well! and you paid them, did not ye?——

Sir BASH. I pay them!—'sdeath! Madam, what do you take me for?——

Lady CON. I took you for a huſband, but I find I was miſtaken——

Sir BASH. Death and fire!—I ſee you are an ungrateful woman.—I am ſure, my lady Conſtant, I have behaved in many inſtances with great goodnature towards you. Did not I go into parliament, Madam, to pleaſe you? Did not I go and get drunk at a borough for a month together! and get mobbed at the George and Vultur, and pelted and horſewhipped the day before the election; and all this to pleaſe your vanity?—Did not I ſtand up in the houſe to make a ſpeech merely to gratify your pride? And did not I expoſe myſelf there? Did I know whether I ſtood upon my head or my heels? What the devil had I to do in parliament?—What's my country to me?——

Lady CON. Who mentioned your country, Sir?

Sir BASH. I deſire you won't mention it—I have nothing to do with it,—no, nor with your debts—I have nothing to do with them, and I deſire you will tell your people to come no more after me——I know how to put a ſtop to that matter—notice in the Gazette will exempt me from your extravagancies—I did not live in the Temple for nothing.

FUR.

Fur. I proteſt I never heard any body talk ſo mean in all my days before ——

Lady Con. Don't you be ſo pert, pray? Leave the room; go both of ye down ſtairs.——

[*Exeunt* Furniſh *and* Sideboard.

Sir Bash. I have kept it up pretty well before my ſervants—She is a fine woman, and talks admirably—— *(Aſide.)*

Lady Con. Is there never to be an end of this uſage, Sir Baſhful?—am I to be for ever made unhappy by your humours?

Sir Bash. Humours!—I like that expreſſion prodigiouſly—Humours!—and ſo I ſuppoſe all good ſenſe and ſound judgment are, in the fine lady's dictionary, to be called humours.—Humours indeed!——

Lady Con. You may harp upon the word, Sir—but let me tell you, that ſelf-love is more apt to give falſe colourings to the infirmities it finds in our own breaſt, than the reſt of the world is to miſinterpret our good qualities. Humours you have, Sir, and ſuch as are to me grown inſupportable.——

Sir Bash. She talks like an angel!—Madam, I ſhould have no humours *(moderating his voice)* as you call them, if your extravagancies were not inſupportable.—But let us canvaſs this matter quietly and cooly—What would the world think of my underſtanding, if I were ſeen to encourage your way of life?——

Lady Con. What will the world think of it now, Sir!—Take this along with you, there is a certain ſet of people, who, when they would avoid one error, are ſure to run into the oppoſite extreme.

Sir Bash. There's for you!——a tranſlation from Horace—*Dum vitant ſtulti vitia*—oh! ſhe is a notable woman. *(Aſide.)*

Lady Con. Let me tell you, Sir Baſhful, there is not in the world a more ridiculous ſight than a

perſon wrapping himſelf up in imaginary wiſdom, if he can but guard againſt one giant-vice, while he becomes a prey to a thouſand other abſurdities.

Sir BASH. Lord! I am nothing at all to her in an argument. She has a tongue that can reaſon me out of my ſenſes. I could almoſt find it in my heart to tell her the whole truth.——Look'e, Madam, you know—you know my lady Conſtant, *(looking gently at her)* that I am—very good-natur'd at the bottom,—and,---and,—any thing in my power,—any thing in reaſon———

Lady CON. When did I deſire any thing elſe?—Is it unreaſonable to live with decency?—Is it unreaſonable to keep the company I have been always us'd to?—Is it unreaſonable to conform to the modes of life, when our fortune can ſo well afford it?—

Sir BASH. She is a very reaſonable woman, and I wiſh I had but half her ſenſe. *(Aſide.)* I'll tell you what, my lady Conſtant, to avoid eternal diſputes, if a ſum of money within a moderate compaſs—if a brace of hundreds—why ſhould not I give her three hundred?---I did not care if I went as far as three hundred—If three hundred pounds, my lady Conſtant, will ſettle the matter *(in a gentle tone of voice)* why as to the matter of three hundred pounds, I ſhould not value much if I———

Enter FURNISH, *with a band-box.*

FUR. Your Ladyſhip's things are ſent home from the Milliner's——

Sir BASH. Zookers! this woman has overheard me—As to the matter of three hundred pounds, Madam *(loud and in a paſſion)* let me tell you it is a very large ſum—Aſk me for three hundred pounds, Madam!—Do you take me for a blockhead, to ſhovel money away in that manner?—

Lady CON. What does the man fly out ſo for?—

Sir

Sir Bash. What right have you to three hundred pounds?—I will allow no ſuch doings?—Is not my houſe an eternal ſcene of your routs, and your drums, and your what-do-ye-call'ems?——— Don't I often come home, when my hall is barricaded with powder-monkey ſervants, that I can hardly get within my own doors?

Lady Con. Why all this paſſion, Sir?

Sir Bash. Have not I ſeen you at a game at Loo put the fee ſimple of a ſcore of my beſt acres upon a ſingle card?—And have not I muttered to myſelf, if that woman now was as much in love with me, as ſhe is with Pam, what an excellent wife would ſhe make!

Lady Con. Yes, I have great reaſon to love you truly———

Sir Bash. Death and fire! you are ſo fond of play, that I ſhould not wonder to ſee my next child reſemble one of the coat cards, or marked on the forehead with a pair-royal of aces?

Fur. I am ſure you deſerve to be marked on the forehead with a pair of——

Sir Bash. Get out of the room, you jade; get out of the room. *(Exit Furniſh.)*

Lady Con. I tell you once for all, Sir, I am quite tired out with your ways—your unaccountable temper is for ever breaking out in ſudden onſets of paſſion;——Avarice, narrowneſs of mind, unprovok'd ſallies of ill-humour, want of ſpirit to live ſuitably to your fortune, theſe are things that I cannot any longer endure;—I am tir'd of bluſhing for you, Sir.—

Sir Bash. I have gone too far—She is aſham'd of me—

Lady Con. I have often propoſed to part, and I muſt now inſiſt upon it.

Sir Bash. I would not have it come to that—My lady Conſtant, extremities are bad—I am not againſt

ſpending

ſpending money *(in a ſoftened tone.)* I am only againſt throwing it away with extravagance—You know very well, Madam———Oh! ſhe knows but every thing———I ſay, Madam, you know that if I could be ſure not to be thought ridiculous———

Lady Con. Ridiculous!—It is worſe than ridiculous, Sir—The other day, you agreed to a ſeparation; the articles are ready, and I muſt have them carried into execution.

Sir Bash. You will have the worſt of that bargain, I fancy; a ſeparate maintenance will go but a little way to anſwer the bawling of Milliners, Mercers, Jewellers, and gaming debts.——

Lady Con. It will ſerve at leaſt to purchaſe content, and nothing can procure that under one roof with you.———

Sir Bash. I have certainly gone too far;—Madam, if I adviſe you againſt a ſeparation it is for your own good—you complain of my being haſty, and are more precipitate yourſelf—We might explain *(looking tenderly.)* We might explain matters, ſo as to come to a right underſtanding—but ſo it happens.—I believe you don't know me—If you but knew—S'death I am going to blab.—I ſay, Madam, if you underſtood—I wiſh ſhe did, and that it was all over.—And as to the power of a huſband, I want no tyrannical uſe of it—I don't know but I might be brought to give it up—in part at leaſt—and to connive—Damn it, I am interrupted again.—

Enter FURNISH.

Fur. A ſervant from Mrs. Lovemore, Madam, wants to know———

Sir Bash. As to the controul of a huſband *(loud and in a paſſion)* I will never give it up—I will be maſter in my own houſe, Madam;—and my ſubſtance ſhall not be ſquandered away as you pleaſe.—

Lady Con. A ſtorm, a whirl-wind is fitter to converſe with.— Sir

Sir Bash. I will ſtorm like a whirl-wind in my own houſe—And I tell you once for all, you are an ungovernable woman; your imagination is as wild as any woman's in Bedlam;—and Bedlam is the fitteſt place for you—Do, go thither, go; for I tell you once for all, I will have no more of your doings in my houſe. *(Exit.)*

Lady CONSTANT *and* FURNISH.

Lady Con. His head is certainly turn'd—Did any body ever ſee ſuch behaviour?

Fur. See it! No, nor bear it neither—Your ladyſhip will never be happy, I am afraid, till you part from him.——

Lady Con. Oh! Never—It is impoſſible—He not only has loſt all decency, but has bid adieu to all humanity. That it ſhould be my fate to be married to ſuch a quickſand!—But I'll think no more of him—What did Mrs. Lovemore's ſervant want?

Fur. To know if your Ladyſhip will be at home this morning?—

Lady Con. Yes, I ſhall be at home—Step with me to my room, and I'll write a card to ſend to Mrs. Lovemore—Of all things let a woman beware how ſhe marries a narrow-minded under-bred huſband. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Sir BASHFUL *and* LOVEMORE.

Sir Bash. Walk in, Mr. Lovemore—walk in—I am heartily glad to ſee you—this is kind.—

Love. I am ready, you ſee, to attend the call of friendſhip.—

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore, you are a friend indeed.—

Love. You do me honour, Sir Baſhful;—pray how does my lady?—

Sir Bash. Perfectly well! never ſaw her look better—

better—But we have had t'other ſkirmiſh ſince I ſaw you.—

LOVE. Another!—

Sir BASH. Ay! another;—and I did not 'bate her an ace—but I told you I had ſomething for your private ear—Pray now have you remarked any thing odd or ſingular in me?

LOVE. Not the leaſt—I never knew a man of leſs oddity in my life.

Sir BASH. What, nothing at all?—He! he!—*(Smiles at him.)* Have you remarked nothing about my wife?

LOVE. You don't live happy with her;—But that's not ſingular.

Sir BASH. Po! I tell you, Mr. Lovemore, I am at the bottom a very odd fellow—

LOVE. Not at all.—

Sir BASH. Yes, yes, yes; I am; am. I indeed; as odd a fiſh as lives; and you muſt have ſeen it before now.—

LOVE. Not I, truly—You are not jealous, I hope.—

Sir BASH. You have not hit the right nail o'the head—No, no;—not jealous;—do her juſtice, I am ſecure there; my lady has high notions of honour;—no, it is not that.—

LOVE. What then?

Sir BASH. Can't you gueſs?—

LOVE. Not I, upon my ſoul;—explain.

Sir BASH. Mr. Lovemore, I have great dependence upon you—firſt let me ſhut this door.

[*Shuts the door.*

LOVE. In the name of wonder, what whim has got poſſeſſion of him now?

Sir BASH. You never could have imagined it—I bluſh at the very thoughts of it—*(Turns away.)*

LOVE. What's the matter, Sir Baſhful?—Come,

come, out with it at once—let me be of your council.———

Sir Bash. Of my council—the very thing I want. —Look'e Mr. Lovemore, the affair is this;—but then if he should betray me!—I shall never be able to shew my face again.———

Love. Whats the matter, Sir Bashful?—You don't use me like a friend?

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore, I doubt you, and yet esteem you—Some men there are, who when a confidence is once reposed in them, take occasion from thence to hold a hank over their friend, and tyrannize him all the rest of his days.

Love. Oh! fy! this is ungenerous; true friendship is of another quality; it feells from sympathy, and is guarded by honour.

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore, I have no farther doubt of you—Hush!—did not you hear a noise? —stay, stay,—there's a shadow under the bottom of that door—servants have a trick of listning.—

Love. What has he got in his head?—

Sir Bash. *(peeping out.)* No, no;—no;—all's safe---Mr. Lovemore, I will make you the depositary, the faithful depositary of a secret;----let it pass from the bottom of my heart, to the inmost recess of yours----there let it lie conceal'd from every prying eye----my inclinations;----Nay, but you'll laugh at me.----

Love. No, upon my honour.—

Sir Bash. Well! well! my inclinations are chang'd----not chang'd----but they are not what they have appeared to be---I---I am in love with--- *(Stops and looks silly.)*

Love. Well! love is a passion of a noble nature---But don't tell me any more about it;---my lady Constant will find it out, and lay the blame upon me----I must not appear an encourager of

this buſineſs---No, no---you muſt not involve me in a quarrel with her.---

Sir Bash. Po! you don't take me right;---quite wide of the mark; hear me out.

Love. I won't indeed; I won't.

Sir Bash. Nay, nay, but you ſhall; you ſhall.

Love. Poſitively no;---let me keep clear;---- She ſhall certainly know it, and the devil's in the dice if ſhe does not comply with my deſires from a meer ſpirit of revenge. *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bash. I tell you, Mr. Lovemore, the object of my paſſion—this charming woman, whom I doat on to diſtraction---

Love. I don't deſire to know it.---

Sir. Bash. You muſt; you muſt; this adoreable creature---

Love. Keep it to yourſelf, Sir Baſhful---

Sir Bash. Is my own wife.---

Love. *(ſtares at him.)* Your own wife!

Sir. Bash. *(looks ſilly, bluſhes, and turns away.)* Yes; my own wife.---

Love. This is the moſt unexpected diſcovery.---

Sir Bash. Look'e there now!---He laughs at me already.

Love. And can this be poſſible?---Are you really in love with my lady Conſtant, your own wife?

Sir Bash. Spare my confuſion, Mr. Lovemore, ſpare my confuſion---ay! it's all over with me.---

Love. I ſhould never have gueſſed this, Sir Baſhful.

Sir Bash. I have made myſelf very ridiculous, Mr. Lovemore.

Love. Ridiculous!---far from it---why do you think it ridiculous to love a valuable woman?---Po! Po! clear up man; and now, to keep you in countenance, I will depoſit a ſecret with you;---I love my wife.

Sir Bash. What?

Love. I am in love with my wife.---

Sir

Sir BASH. Hey!-----*(Looks at him in great glee)* He! he!---No, no---you don't love her;---He! he!---do you?---Do you, Mr. Lovemore?

LOVE. Moſt ardently.

Sir BASH. Give me your hand; give me your hand;—He! he!—I am glad to know this—What, and have you led the life you have done all this time on purpoſe to conceal your love?

LOVE. For that very purpoſe.—I love her moſt ſincerely; but then I would not let her know it for the world.

Sir BASH. Perfectly right; perfectly right.

LOVE. When a woman once finds that a man is weak enough to betray a paſſion for her, ſhe cries VICTORIA directly, falls to plundering, and pre-prepares chains to enſlave the poor devil all the reſt of his life.

Sir BASH. It's the way with them all ſure enough.

LOVE. And the world, Sir Baſhfull, the world is much given to ſcoffing. Do you know, if people were to ſurmiſe any thing of our weakneſs, we ſhould have nothing but wit, and raillery, and ſleers, and taunts flying about our ears.

Sir BASH. That's what I have been always afraid of; and ſo I have been conſtantly quarrelling with my lady on purpoſe to cloak the affair, and prevent all ſuſpicion.

LOVE. And it was wiſely done; —— beſides there is another convenience, Sir Baſhful; ——— my lady you know has ſome youthful vigour about her, and you are rather a little advanced or ſo.———

Sir BASH. Pſhaw!—it is not for that; that's nothing; I wear admirably well, Mr. Lovemore!

LOVE. Do you?

Sir BASH. As young as ever!——But I don't let her know that.

LOVE. Ha! ha!---that's right.---Keep to that---Ha! ha!---

Sir BASH. Yes, yes;---Ha! ha!---I fight cunning, Mr. Lovemore---but then I am main deep in love for all that, and have done her a thouſand kindneſſes in the mean time.

LOVE. Have ye?

Sir BASH. Oh! a multitude---but then it was always in a ſly way; cautious and circumſpect!---I'll tell you now;---She has been plaguing me a long time for a diamond croſs, and diamond buckles ---Madam, ſays, I, I'll have no ſuch trumpery---but then goes I and beſpeaks them of the beſt jeweller in town---all under the roſe tho'!---the buckles are ready---will come to three hundred---She'll have them to-day without knowing where they come from. They'll ſet her off to great advantage, Mr. Lovemore. *(Smiles.)*

LOVE. So they will.

Sir BASH. And then, I can take occaſion to be as jealous as Bedlam when I ſee her wear them.

LOVE. So you can---I wiſh he may never be jealous of me in earneſt. *(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. Well! give me your hand, my dear brother ſufferer. I'll tell you, Mr. Lovemore---we can in a ſnug way be of great ſervice to each other, if you will come into my ſcheme.

LOVE. As how pray?

Sir BASH. Look'e;---there are ſome things, you know, our wives expect to be done.---

LOVE. So there are.---what is he at now? *(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. Now if you will aſſiſt me---

LOVE. You may depend upon my aſſiſtance.

Sir BASH. Thus it is then. My lady Conſtant wants money---you know ſhe keeps a great deal of company, and makes a great figure there;---I wiſh ſhe could ſay the ſame of me---

LOVE. Why truly I wiſh ſhe could---

Sir BASH. But that's out of the queſtion——— now I would have you take the money from me, and

and pretend to lend it to her out of friendſhip and regard.

Love. Why, you are a very Machiavel!——nothing was ever better conceived——Here's a fellow pimping for his own horns. *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bash. Here, here, here;—take it—here it is in bank notes,—one,—two—three,——there's three hundred;—give her that,——and tell her you have more at her ſervice to-morrow, or next day, if her occaſions require it.

Love. Sir Baſhful, I'll do it——this is the rareſt adventure! *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bash. I'll do any thing for you in return.

Love. I ſhall have occaſion for your friendſhip—that is to forgive me if you find me out. *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bash. You ſhall always command me—but loſe no time; ſtep to her now; ſhe talked of parting; ſtep to her and make her eaſy.

Love. I'll do my endeavour; you may rely upon me; I'll make her eaſy if poſſible.

Sir Bash. That's kind; that's kind;—well! Mr. Lovemore, ha! ha!—this is the rareſt ſcheme—is it not?—ha! ha!———

Love. ha! ha!—it is the neweſt way of making a wife eaſy.

Sir Bash. Ay! let this head of mine alone—

Love. That I won't if I can help it *(Aſide.)*——Well!—I'll ſtep to my lady———

Sir Bash. Do ſo; do ſo———

Love. I will; your ſervant—who can blame me now if I cuckold this fellow?—it's all his own ſeeking——So ridiculous an adventure ſure never was *(Aſide)*—Your ſervant Sir Baſhful, your ſervant.—*(Exit.)*

Sir Bash. Proſper you, proſper you, Mr. Lovemore!—make me thankful!—he is a true friend—this is finely contrived!—Huſh!——did not I hear ſome body coming?—is not that Sir Brilliant's voice?—

301322

ſure they won't let him in—Zookers! he is coming up ſtairs——He ſhan't ſee my lady for all that—— He ſhan't interrupt buſineſs.

Enter Sir BRILLIANT.

Sir BRIL. Sir Baſhful, I kiſs your hand—and my lady,—how does ſhe do?—is ſhe at home?———

Sir BASH. Do you think I have nothing to do but to know whether ſhe is at home or not?——I don't trouble my head about her, Sir.———

Sir BRIL. Never talk ſo ſlightingly of ſo agreeable a woman. My lady Conſtant has ſpirit, taſte, ſenſe, wit, beauty.

Sir BASH. Spirit, taſte, ſenſe, wit, beauty—She has all that ſure enough, *(Aſide.)* Sir, I am no ſworn appraiſer, to take an inventory of her effects——I don't know what ſhe has.

Sir BRIL. Is her ladyſhip viſible this morning?

Sir BASH. No, Sir; ſhe is inviſible this morning; and unintelligible this morning, and incomprehenſible this morning.——She is not well; ſhe has the vapours; ſhe is not to be ſpoke to.

Sir BRIL. I am ſorry for it—I came to tell her the rareſt piece of news—Such a diſcovery!

Sir BASH. Ay! what's that?

Sir BRIL. You know Sir Amorous La Fool?

Sir BASH. Mighty well.

Sir BRIL. Poor devil! he has got into ſuch a ſcrape!

Sir BASH. What's the matter? loſt his money at play?

Sir BRIL. Worſe! much worſe!

Sir BASH. He is not dead?

Sir BRIL. Why that's a ſcrape indeed!—but it is not that;

Sir BASH. What then?

Sir BRIL. He is fallen in love—ha! ha!

Sir BASH. With ſome jilt, perhaps?

Sir

Sir BRIL. No———

Sir BASH. With ſome prude, may be?

Sir BRIL. Nor that.

Sir BASH. A young actreſs, or an opera ſinger?

Sir BRIL. No; you'll never gueſs—like a ſilly devil, he has fallen in love with his own wife?

Sir BASH. In love with his own wife! *(Stares at him.)*

Sir BRIL. Ha! ha!—it's very true; I heard it at my lady Betty Scandal's; and there was ſo much laughing about it; the card-tables were all in aſtoniſhment; Whiſt ſtood ſtill; Quadrille laid down the cards; and Brag was in ſuſpenſe—Poor Sir Amorous!—ha! ha!—it is ſo very ridiculous—is it not Sir Baſhful?

Sir BASH. *(diſconcerted.)* Very ridiculous, indeed!—zoons! its my own caſe directly. *(Aſide.)*

Sir BRIL. The man is loſt, abandoned, ruined, dead, and buried; ha! ha!—you don't laugh Sir Baſhful—

Sir BASH. Who I?—I—I—I—I laugh as heartily as I poſſibly can.

Sir BRIL. I want to find Lovemore; he will be ſo diverted with it—you know he does not care a pinch of ſnuff for his wife.

Sir BASH. No more he does—to be ſure he does not—ha! ha! *(Aſide.)* No; he cares no more for his wife than I do for mine.

Sir BRIL. Much the ſame.

Sir BASH. Ay! much the ſame—he knows but little of us. *(Aſide.)*

Sir BRIL. Poor Sir Amorous!—he'll never be able to ſhew his face again; adieu for him the ſide-box whiſper, the ſoft aſſignation, and all the joys of freedom—He is retired with his Penelope to love moſt heartily for a month, grow indifferent in two, and hate moſt heartily in three———

Sir BASH. Do you think it will end ſo?

Sir

Sir BRIL. Moſt certainly!—but I have not told you the worſt of his caſe—our friend Sir Charles Wildfire, you know, was about a comedy—now what has he done but drawn the character of Sir Amorous, and made him the hero of his piece.

Sir BASH. What, put him into a comedy!

Sir BRIL. Ha! ha! yes, he has; it is called the *Amorous Huſband*, or the Man in Love with his own wife—I muſt be there the firſt night. Sir Baſhful, you ſhall be of our party.

Sir BASH. It will be a very agreeable party.—I ſhall enjoy the joke prodigiouſly—ha! ha!

(Forcing a laugh.)

Sir BRIL. It will be the higheſt ſcene in nature—well!—a good day, Sir Baſhful—I muſt drive to a thouſand places, and put it about—farewel! let my lady know this affair—it will appear ſo ridiculous to her.———

Sir BASH. Do you think it will?———

Sir BRIL. O! without doubt—adieu!—Poor Sir Amorous! He will have his horns added to his coat of arms in a little time—ha! ha! *(Exit.)*

Sir BASHFUL *alone.*

I ſee how it is—I ſhall get lampooned, be-rhymed, and niched into a comedy—Heaven be praiſed! no body knows of my affection but Mr. Lovemore, and he can't diſcover againſt me for his own ſake—Well!—well Mr. Lovemore!

Enter LOVEMORE.

Sir BASH. Well!—how!—how!—how have you managed it?

LOVE. Juſt as I could wiſh; ſhe is infinitely obliged to me, and will never forget this civility.

Sir BASH. A thouſand thanks to you—She ſuſpects nothing of my being privy to it———

LOVE. Not the leaſt inkling of it—She talked at firſt

firſt ſomething about delicacy, and thought it rather an indecorum, to accept of money even from me, who am ſo intimate in the family—But that argument was ſoon ſilenced—I told her I could not but ſee what a bad huſband you are———

Sir BASH. That was well ſaid—it had its effect I hope———

LOVE. Why, I hope it had, and then I talked a few ſentences to her, as that a perſon receiving a civility confers the obligation; that I was ſure of wheedling you in ſome unguarded moment to repay me, and therefore that it was but making you my banker for a ſhort time, with more jargon to that purpoſe; and ſo with ſome reluctance ſhe complied, and things are now ſettled upon as good a footing as I could wiſh.—Death and rage! there's my wife—

Sir BASH. Ay! and there is my wife too.———

LOVE. What the devil brings her hither? *(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. Now let me ſee how he will carry it before Mrs. Lovemore. *(Aſide.)* Walk in, walk in, Mrs. Lovemore.

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE *and Lady* CONSTANT *at oppoſite doors.*

Lady CON. Mrs. Lovemore!—I am glad to ſee you abroad, Ma'am.

Mrs. LOVE. I am highly fortunate in meeting your ladyſhip at home—Mr. Lovemore, I am glad to ſee you, Sir.

LOVE. Mrs. Lovemore, I thank you.

Sir BASH. Ay! ay! mind him now.—*(Aſide.)*

Mrs. LOVE. I thought you was gone into the city, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE. Why will you mind me, Mrs. Lovemore?—I deferred going till evening.———

Mrs. LOVE. Then I may hope you will dine at home, Sir.

LOVE. Oh! Lord! how can you teaze a man ſo?

Sir Bash. Yes, yes; I see how it is; he won't let her have the least suspicion of his regard—

(Aside.)

Lady Con. No doubt Mr. Lovemore will dine at home, if it will give you any satisfaction, Ma'am; and Sir Bashful will dine at home, I reckon, for the contrary reason.

Sir Bash. Madam, I will dine at home, or I will dine abroad, for what reason I please—I am my own master, Madam,—Lovemore, she little suspects me. *(Aside and laughing.)*

Love. Not the least—What a silly blockhead it is—ha! ha! *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Love. I see your chariot is at the door, Mr. Lovemore; I'll send away my chair, and you may set me down———

Love. Ma'am, I have several places to call at.

Sir Bash. Cunning! cunning!—He would not be seen in a chariot with her for the world. *(Aside.)*

Lady Con. I am to have a rout to-morrow evening, Mrs. Lovemore—I wish you would favour us with your company.

Sir Bash. A rout to morrow evening!—you have a rout every evening, I think——I wish, Madam, you would learn of Mrs. Lovemore, and not make a fool of me as you do—hip! Lovemore. *(Aside; they both laugh.)*

Love. Well! I must be gone—My lady Constant, I have the honour to wish your ladyship a good morning—I beg you will take no notice to Sir Bashful—Ma'am your most obedient——*(bows obsequiously to her.)* Sir Bashful yours—Madam——

(Bows gravely to Mrs. Lovemore, *and exit.)*

Sir Bash. He carries it off finely——I have kept my own secret too, and she shall never know it.——Mrs. Lovemore, your most obedient servant, Madam—*(bows complaisantly)* Madam———*(to Lady* Constant*)* *(bows gravely, and exit.)*

Mrs.

Mrs. LOVEMORE *and Lady* CONSTANT.

Mrs. Love. Two ſuch huſbands!

Lady Con. As to my ſwain, Mrs. Lovemore, I grant you—but you may ſet your mind at reſt; Mr. Lovemore is at leaſt well-bred, whereas Sir Baſhful never qualifies his diſrepect with the leaſt tincture of civility.

Mrs. Love. If there is any pleaſure in being made miſerable with civility, I muſt allow Mr. Lovemore a moſt ſkilful hand. I have found out another of his intrigues, and I came on purpoſe to conſult with your ladyſhip about it.—There is a widow Bellmour to whom he now pays his addreſſes.

Lady Con. The widow Bellmour!

Mrs. Love. Yes; and Sir Brilliant Faſhion, to cover the affair, has been giving her a moſt perfect character.

Lady Con. Why, Sir Brilliant's authority is in general not the beſt—But in this point he is right, I aſſure you———

Mrs. Love. Give me leave however to explain to you the whole circumſtances of the affair.———

Lady Con. But, my dear Ma'am, I know her ſo well———

Mrs. Love. Nay, give me the hearing; I am afraid there is too much in it, and I am determined to ſearch it to the bottom.

Lady Con. All ſcandal, take my word for it—But if I muſt hear your ſtory, let us adjourn the debate to my dreſſing-room, and I will promiſe to confute your whole accuſation—My dear Mrs. Lovemore, are you not tending a little towards jealouſy?—beware of that, Ma'am; you muſt not look thro' that medium;

That jaundice of the mind, whoſe colours ſtrike
On friend and foe, and paint them all alike.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Room at Mr.* LOVEMORE's.

Mr. and Mrs. LOVEMORE *discovered at Table; servants attending.*

LOVEMORE.

I Wonder you are not tired, Mrs. Lovemore, of this eternal topic—William, reach me a tooth-pick——

WIL. Yes, Sir.

Mrs. LOVE. If I make it an eternal topic, as you call it, Sir, I am sure it is for your good, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE. I thank you, Ma'am——I know I always have your good wishes, and *(picking his teeth)* you have my good wishes, Mrs. Lovemore.

Mrs. LOVE. If you would but wish well to yourself, Sir, I should be happy—But your health must be ruined, Mr. Lovemore, in the way you go on;—I wonder how you hold it out at all, Sir—your appetite is quite gone; you have not eat a morsel of dinner.

LOVE. Don't say so, my dear, *(picking his teeth)* don't say so; I have done very well.

Mrs. LOVE. Pardon me, Sir; I took notice; and how should it be otherwise?—In your course of life the whole order of things is inverted; night is day, and day is night; your substance squandered, your constitution destroyed, your spirits exhausted, and your family-concerns quite neglected.

LOVE. Here's all our absent friends, Mrs. Lovemore, *(drinks.)*

Mrs. LOVE. And, at the rate you go on, every thing must go to ruin;—a tavern-life!—I wonder what

what pleasure you can find in a tavern-life!——The gaming table, riot, and dissipation—Company about you, that I know your good sense must despise, not to mention that coldness and neglect, which I meet with in consequence of all this—*(During this speech, Lovemore wets the corner of a napkin, rubs his teeth, and looks with a gay indifference at her)*—I am not conscious how I have merited this treatment, Mr. Lovemore.—will you answer me one question?—

Love. With pleasure, Ma'am.

Mrs. Love. Lay your hand on your heart, and tell me then,—have I deserved this usage?

Love. My dear life *(takes some water in his mouth, and stares at her.)*

Mrs. Love. Answer me that, Sir, and answer me sincerely.

Love. William, take all these things away—

Wil. Yes, Sir!—

Love. And reach that arm-chair, I don't sit easy here; ay! this will do—*(composes himself, with his back turned to her) (Exeunt servants.)*

Mrs. Love. I say, Mr. Lovemore, I think I have been no way deficient in setting a proper value upon you. You won my heart, and I freely gave it to you;—from that moment, Sir, I have never abated from the love I bore you, whatever you may have done on your part——

Love. *(going to sleep.)* It is very true, my dear.

Mrs. Love. Your interest has been mine; your household affairs have been the object of my attention; diversions, high living, shew, and idle pomp, have never had allurements for me—

Love. *(endeavouring to keep his eyes open.)* I can't contradict you, my dear.

Mrs. Love. Had I been inclined to imitate the example of many other women, you might have been thousands out of pocket by this time; and tho' the fortune I brought you might entitle me to pleasur-

able expences, yet œconomy and the domeſtic duties of a wife (Lovemore *drops aſleep*) were more powerful motives with me—Some women conſider marriage as an introduction to the great ſcene of the world; I rather thought it a ſober and chearful retreat to leſs noiſy and ſerener pleaſures. What is called polite company I never delighted in, ſince marriage made me yours; the pleaſure ariſing from your company, Mr. Lovemore—Upon my word, I have great reaſon to be charmed with his company—Faſt aſleep!—This is ever his way—inſenſible man!—It is too plain that I am grown loathſome to him, and miſery muſt be my portion.—Mr. Lovemore!—Mr. Lovemore!——If you knew what affliction you occaſion in this heart, you would hardly find it in your nature to treat me thus—I will not diſturb him, and yet I cannot tamely ſubmit to be unhappy. This affair of the widow Bellmour, I will trace to the bottom—Lady Conſtant is laviſh in her praiſe; then I may ſafely adventure upon this viſit;—I'll ſtep to my chair this inſtant, and at all events, I will undertake it—Oh! Mr. Lovemore!—my heart will break at laſt—— *(Exit.)*

Lovemore *talks in his ſleep; his head nodding about.*

No, my dear, no;—I an't aſleep;—it was not ſo late—at home by two o'clock—*(ſleeps and nods.)* I do liſten—you are very right in all you ſay—I am only a little thoughtful——*(ſleeps and mutters indiſtinct words)* no—no—no—no ſuch thing — Sir Baſhful Conſtant is a fooliſh fellow—no, my dear, no no—*(ſleeps and his head rolls about violently)* zoons! I am ready to drop aſleep — I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lovemore; what did you ſay, my dear? *(leans on the table without looking about)* To be ſure what you ſay is very true; but one cannot always, you know, my dear *(turning about.)* 'Sdeath! She is gone—oh! Lord! I fell faſt aſleep—let me ſhake off this drowſy

(riſes)

(rises)—I dined at home for want of knowing how to diſpoſe of myſelf abroad, and thus I am overtaken—What's o'clock? — Six—William, get ready; I am going out directly.——Now to buſineſs; are my people ready there?———

WIL. *(within.)* Yes, Sir; all ready———

LOVE. Very well; I am coming; and now, my dear Madam Venus, with more rapture than any of your votaries felt, I now invoke you—I make but a ſlight requeſt; quit your Cyprian iſle, and attend me this afternoon;

———Your beſt arms employ,
All wing'd with pleaſure, and all tipt with joy.

(Exit.)

SCENE, *a Room at the Widow* Bellmour's, *in which are diſpoſed up and down, ſeveral Chairs, a Toilette, a Book-caſe, and a Harpſicord*; Mignionet *her maid, is ſettling the Toilette.*

Enter Mrs. Bellmour, *reading a Volume of* Pope.

Oh! bleſt with temper, whoſe unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow, chearful as to-day;
She who can own a ſiſter's charms, and hear
Sighs for a daughter, with unwounded ear;
That never anſwers till a huſband cools,
And if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;

Senſible, elegant Pope!

Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt when ſhe obeys;

(ſeems to read on.

MIG. Lord love my miſtreſs!—She's always ſo happy, and ſo gay.———

Mrs. BELL. Theſe charming characters of women!—'Tis like a painter's gallery, where one ſees the por-

portraits of all one's acquaintance!——Here, Mignionet, put this book in its place.

Mig. Yes, Ma'am.——There, Ma'am, you see your toilette looks most charmingly.

Mrs. Bell. Does it?—I think it does.—Apropos, where's my new song?—Here it lies,—I must make myself mistress of it.—*(Plays and sings a little.)*—I believe I shall conquer it presently, *(rises and goes towards her toilette)*—This hair of mine is always tormenting me;—always in disorder, and straggling out of its place:—I must absolutely subdue this lock.—Mignionet, do you know that this is a very pretty song?——'tis written by my lord Etheridge;——I positively must learn it before he comes.—*(Sings a line)*—Do you know, Mignionet, that I think my lord not wholly intolerable?

Mig. Yes, Ma'am, I know that.

Mrs. Bell. Do you?

Mig. And if I have any skill, Ma'am, I fancy you think him more than tolerable.

Mrs. Bell. Really! then you think I like him, I suppose.—Do ye think I like him?—I don't well know how that is,—and yet I don't know but I do like him;—no,—no,—I don't like him neither,—not absolutely like;—but I could like, if I had a mind to humour myself.—The man has a softness of manner, an elegant turn of thinking, and has a heart—has he a heart?—yes, I think he has;—and then he is such an observer of the manners,—and shews the ridiculous of them with so much humour—

Mig. I'll be whipt, if you don't get into the noose before the long nights are over. — Without doubt, Ma'am, my lord is a pretty man enough; but lack-a-day what o'that?—You know but very little of him,—your acquaintance is but very short; —*(Mrs.* Bellmour *hums a tune)* do, pray my dear Madam, mind what I say,—for I am at times I assure

assure you, very speculative,—very speculative indeed;—and I see very plainly. — Lord, Ma'am, what am I doing!—I am talking to you for your own good, and you're all in the air, and no more mind me, no, no more, than if I was nothing at all.

Mrs. Bell. *(Hums a tune still.)* Why indeed you talk wonderfully well upon the subject; but as I know how the cards lie, and can play the game myself, and as I don't know my song,—why a-body is inclined to give that the preference. *(Sings.)*

Mig. Ma'am, I assure you, I am none of those servants that bargain for their mistress's inclinations; —but I see you are going to take a leap in the dark. —I don't know what to make of his manner of coming here, with his chair always brought into the hall, and the curtains drawn close about his ears, as if — May I never be married, if I don't believe there is something amiss in the affair.—Dear heart, Ma'am, if you won't listen to me, what signifies my living with you?—I am of no service to you.———

Mrs. Bell. I believe I have conquered the song; —*(Runs to her glass,)* how do I look to-day?—Well enough, I think. — Do you think I shall play the fool, Mignionet, and marry my Lord?

Mig. You have it, Ma'am, thro' the very heart of you—I see that.

Mrs. Bell. Do you think so?—May be I may marry, and may be not.—Poor Sir Brilliant Fashion, —what will become of him? But I won't think about it.

Enter POMPEY.

Mrs. Bell. What's the matter, Pompey?

Pom. There's a lady below in a chair, that desires to know if you are at home, Madam.

Mrs. Bell. Has the lady no name?

Pom. She did not tell her name.

Mrs. Bell. How awkward you are!—Well ſhew her up. *(Exit* Pompey.

Mig. Had not you better receive the lady in the dining-room, Ma'am? — Things here are in ſuch confuſion.———

Mrs. Bell. No, it will do very well here. I dare ſay it is ſome body I am intimate with, tho' the boy does not recollect her name.—Here ſhe comes.

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE.

(They both look with a grave ſurprize at each other, then curtſey with an air of diſtant civility.)

Mrs. Bell. Ma'am, your moſt obedient,—*(with a kind of reſerve.)*

Mrs. Love. Ma'am, I beg your pardon for this intruſion.—*(diſconcerted)*

Mrs. Bell. Pray Ma'am walk in,———won't you pleaſe to be ſeated?—Mignionet reach a chair. *(Mrs.* Lovemore *croſſes the ſtage, and they ſalute each other.*

Mrs. Love. I'm afraid this viſit from one unknown to you, will be inconvenient and troubleſome.

Mrs. Bell. Not at all, I dare ſay;—you need not be at the trouble of an apology:—would you chuſe a diſh of chocolate?

Mrs. Love. I am much oblig'd to you, Ma'am; not any.

Mrs. Bell. Mignionet, you may withdraw.

(Exit Mignionet.)

Mrs. Love. Tho' I have not the pleaſure of your acquaintance, Ma'am, there is a particular circumſtance which has determin'd me to take this liberty with you; for which I intreat your pardon beforehand.

Mrs. Bell. The requeſt is wholly unneceſſary;—but a particular circumſtance, you ſay———Pray Ma'am to what circumſtance am I indebted for this honour?

Mrs.

Mrs. Love. I ſhall appear perhaps very ridiculous, and indeed I am afraid I have done the moſt abſurd thing.—But Ma'am, a lady of your acquaintaince, My lady Conſtant———

Mrs. Bell. My lady Conſtant!—I know her very well———

Mrs. Love. She, Ma'am, has given you ſuch an amiable character, that I eaſily incline to flatter myſelf, you will not take offence at any thing; and that if it is in your power, you will afford me your aſſiſtance.

Mrs. Bell. You may depend upon me.

Mrs. Love. I will be very ingenuous; — Pray Ma'am, an't you acquainted with a gentleman whoſe name is Lovemore?

Mrs. Bell. Lovemore!—No,—no ſuch perſon in my liſt.—Lovemore!—I don't know him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Love. Ma'am, I beg your pardon—I am but where I was.—I won't trouble you any farther, *(going.)*

Mrs. Bell. 'Tis mighty odd, this *(aſide.)* Madam I muſt own my curioſity is a good deal excited; —*(Takes her by the hand.)*—Pray Ma'am, give me leave—I beg you will ſit down,—pray don't think me impertinent—may I beg to know who the gentleman is?

Mrs. Love. The ſubject will be unintereſting to you, and to me it is too painful—My tears will force their way———*(cries.)*

Mrs. Bell. Tears! her grief ſoftens me ſtrangely —I beg you will explain, Ma'am.

Mrs. Love. You are very obliging, Ma'am, and I will endeavour—I have been married theſe two years; I admired my huſband for his underſtanding, his ſentiment, and ſpirit; I thought myſelf as ſincerely loved by him, as my fond heart could wiſh, but there is of late, ſuch a ſtrange revolution in his temper, I know not what to make of it:—inſtead of

the looks of affection, and expreſſions of tenderneſs with which he uſed to meet me, 'tis nothing now but cold, averted, ſuperficial civility.—While abroad he runs on in a wild career of pleaſure; and to my deep affliction, has fix'd his affections upon another object.

Mrs. Bell. If you mean to conſult with me in regard to this caſe, I am afraid you have made a wrong choice; there is ſomething in her appearance that affects me, *(aſide.)*—Pray excuſe me, Ma'am, you conſider this matter too deeply.——Men will prove falſe, and if there is nothing in your complaint but mere gallantry on his ſide,—upon my word, I can't think your caſe the worſe for that.

Mrs. Love. Not the worſe!

Mrs. Bell. On the contrary, much better. If his affections, inſtead of being alienated, had been extinguiſh'd, he would have ſunk into a downright ſtupid, habitual inſenſibility; from which it might prove impoſſible to recal him.—In all love's bill of mortality there is not a more fatal diſorder,—but your huſband is not fallen into that way.—By your account, he ſtill has ſentiment, and where there is ſentiment, there is ſtill room to hope for an alteration.—But in the other caſe, you have the pain of ſeeing yourſelf neglected, and for what?—for nothing at all;—the man has loſt all ſenſe of feeling, and is become to the warm beams of wit and beauty, as impenetrable as an ice-houſe.

Mrs. Love. I am afraid, Ma'am, he is too much the reverſe of this, too ſuſceptible of impreſſions from every beautiful object.

Mrs. Bell. Why, ſo much the better, as I told you already;—ſome new idea has ſtruck his fancy, and he will be for a while, under the influence of that.

Mrs. Love. How light ſhe makes of it! *(aſide.)*

Mrs. Bell. But it is the wife's buſineſs to bait the hook for her huſband with variety; and to draw him daily

daily to herſelf:— that is the whole affair, I would not make myſelf uneaſy, Ma'am.

Mrs. Love. Not uneaſy! when his indifference does not diminiſh my regard for him! Not uneaſy, when the man I doat on, no longer fixes his happineſs at home!

Mrs. Bell. Ma'am, you'll give me leave to ſpeak my mind freely.—I have often obſerv'd, when the fiend jealouſy is rous'd, that women lay out a wonderful deal of anxiety and vexation to no account, when perhaps, if the truth were known, they ſhou'd be angry with themſelves inſtead of their huſbands.

Mrs. Love. Angry with myſelf, Madam!—— calumny can lay nothing to my charge,—the virtue of my conduct, Madam——

Mrs. Bell. Look ye there now,—I wou'd have laid my life, you wou'd be at that work—that's the folly of us all.—But virtue is out of the queſtion at preſent.—I mean the want of addreſs, and proper management! It is there that moſt women fail,—virtue alone cannot pleaſe the taſte of this age.—It is *La Belle Nature*,—Nature embelliſhed by the advantages of art, that the men expect now-a-days.

Mrs. Love. But after being married ſo long, and behaving all that time with ſuch an equality.—

Mrs. Bell. Ay, that equality is the rock ſo many ſplit upon.—The men are now ſo immers'd in luxury, that they muſt have eternal variety in their happineſs.

Mrs. Love. She juſtifies him. (*Aſide.*)

Mrs. Bell. I'll tell you what; I wou'd venture to lay a pot of coffee, that the perſon who now rivals you in your huſband's affection, does it without your good qualities, and even without your beauty, by the mere force of agreeable talents, and aſſiduity to pleaſe.

Mrs. Love. I am afraid that compliment——

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. Let me aſk you, Ma'am, have you ever ſeen this formidable perſon?

Mrs. Love. There I own I am puzzled.

Mrs. Bell. What ſort of a woman, pray?

Mrs. Love. Formidable indeed!—She was deſcrib'd to me as one of charming, and rare accompliſhments.

Mrs. Bell. Never throw up the cards for all that.—Really, Ma'am, without compliment, you ſeem to have all the qualities that can diſpute your huſband's heart with any body; but the exertion of thoſe qualities, I am afraid, is ſuppreſs'd.—You'll excuſe my freedom.—You ſhou'd counterwork your rival, by the very ſame art ſhe employs.—I know a lady now in your very ſituation,—and what does ſhe do? She conſumes herſelf with eternal jealouſy; whereas, if ſhe wou'd but employ half the pains ſhe uſes in teazing herſelf, to vie with the creature that has won her huſband from her,—to vie with her, I ſay, in the arts of pleaſing,—for it is there a woman's pride ſhou'd be piqued,—wou'd ſhe do that, take my word for it, victory wou'd declare in her favour.

Mrs. Love. Do you think ſo, Ma'am?

Mrs. Bell. Think ſo!—I am ſure of it.—Virtue alone, by her own native charms wou'd do, if men were perfect; but that is not the caſe, and ſince vice can aſſume allurements, why ſhould not truth and innocence have additional ornaments alſo?

Mrs. Love. I find Sir Brilliant told me truth.

(*Aſide.*)

Mrs. Bell. I have been married, Ma'am, and am a little in the ſecret.—It is much more difficult to keep a heart than win one—After the fatal words "for better for worſe," the general way with wives is to relax into indolence, and while they are guilty of no infidelity, they think that is enough:—but they are miſtaken, there is a great deal wanting—an addreſs, a manner, a deſire of pleaſing—an agree-

able contraſt in their conduct, of grave, and gay; —a favourite poet of mine—Prior, has expreſſed this very delicately.

Above the fix'd and ſettled rules
Of vice, and virtue, in the ſchools,
The better part ſhould ſet before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum.

Mrs. Love. But when the natural temper—

Mrs. Bell. The natural temper muſt be forc'd, home muſt be made a place of pleaſure to the huſband, and the wife muſt throw infinite variety into her manner;—in ſhort, ſhe muſt, as it were, multiply herſelf, and appear to him ſundry different women on different occaſions.—And this, I take to be the whole myſtery; the way to keep a man.—But I run on at a ſtrange rate.—Well, to be ſure, I'm the giddieſt creature.—Ma'am, will you now give me leave to enquire, how I came to have this favour? Who recommended me to your notice?—And pray who was ſo kind as to intimate that I was acquainted with Mr. Lovemore?

Mrs. Love. I beg your pardon for all the trouble I have given you, and I aſſure you, 'tis entirely owing to my being told that his viſits were frequent here.

Mrs. Bell. His viſits frequent here! My lady Conſtant could not ſay that—

Mrs. Love. No, Ma'am; quite the reverſe; ſhe aſſured me you would make me eaſy on that head—

Mrs. Bell. Then I find ſcandal has been buzzing about; but, I aſſure you, I do not know the gentleman.——Oh! lud, I hear a rap at the door, I poſitively won't be at home. *(Rings a bell.)*

Enter MIGNIONET.

Mign. Did you call, Madam?

Mrs. Bell. I am not at home.

Mign.

MIGN. 'Tis lord Etheridge, Ma'am,—he's coming up ſtairs, the ſervants told him you were within.

Mrs. BELL. Was ever any thing ſo croſs? Tell him there is company with me, and he won't come in. Mignionet, run to him.

Mrs. LOVE. Ma'am, I beg I mayn't hinder you.

Mrs. BELL. Our converſation begins to grow intereſting, and I wou'd not have you go for the world. I won't ſee my lord.

Mrs. LOVE. I beg you will, don't let me prevent, I'll ſtep into another room.

Mrs. BELL. Will you be ſo kind?—There is a ſtudy of books in that room, if you will be ſo obliging as to amuſe yourſelf there, I ſhall be glad to reſume this converſation again.—He ſhan't ſtay long.

Mrs. LOVE. I beg you will be in no hurry, I can wait with pleaſure.

Mrs. BELL. This is a lover of mine; and a huſband and a lover ſhou'd be treated in the ſame manner; perhaps it will divert you to hear how I manage him. I hear him on the ſtairs, for heaven's ſake, make haſte. Mignionet, ſhew the way.

MIGN. This way, Madam, this way.

(Exeunt Mrs. Love, *and* Mignionet.*)*

Mrs. BELL. Let me ſee how I look to receive him. *(Runs to her glaſs.)*

Enter LOVEMORE, *with a Star and Ribband as* *Lord* ETHERIDGE.

Mrs. BELL. *(Looking in her glaſs.)* Lord Etheridge! Walk in, my Lord.

LOVE. *(Repeats.)*

A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears,
Repairs her ſmiles——

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. Repairs her ſmiles, my Lord! I don't like your application of that phraſe—Pray, my Lord, are my ſmiles out of repair, like an old houſe in the country, that wants a tenant?

Love. Nay now, that's wreſting the words from their viſible intention.—You can't ſuppoſe I thought you want repair, whatever may be the caſe, Ma'am, with regard to the want of a tenant.

Mrs. Bell. And ſo you think I really want a tenant! And perhaps you imagine too, that I am going to put up a bill, *(Looking in her glaſs)* to ſignify to all paſſers-by, that here is a manſion to be let.—Well, I ſwear, I don't think it wou'd be a bad ſcheme.—I have a great mind to do ſo.

Love. And he who has the preference—

Mrs. Bell. Will be very happy, I know you mean ſo. But I'll let it to none but a ſingle gentleman, that you may depend upon.

Love. What the devil does ſhe mean by that? She has not got an inkling of the affair, I hope. *(Aſide.)* None elſe could preſume, Madam, to—

Mrs. Bell. And then it muſt be a leaſe for life, —But nobody will be troubled with it—I ſhall never get it off my hands.—Do you think I ſhall, my Lord?

Love. Why that queſtion, Madam? You know I am devoted to you, even if it were to be bought with life.

Mrs. Bell. Heav'ns! what a dying ſwain you are! And does your lordſhip really intend to be guilty of matrimony?—Lord, what a queſtion have I asked?—Well, to be ſure, I am a very mad-cap! —My Lord, don't you think me a ſtrange mad-cap?

Love. A wildneſs like yours, that ariſes from vivacity and ſentiment together, ſerves only to exalt your beauty, and give new poignancy to every charm.

Mrs. Bell. Well, upon my word you have ſaid it finely!—But you are in the right, my Lord.—I

hate your penſive, melancholy beauty, that ſits like a well-grown vegetable in a room for an hour together, 'till at laſt ſhe is animated to the violent exertion of ſaying yes or no, and then enters into a matter-of-fact converſation, "Have you heard the the news? Miſs Beverly is going to be married to captain Shoulderknot. My lord Mortgage has had another tumble at Arthur's. Sir William Squanderſtock has loſt his election. They ſay, ſhort aprons are coming into faſhion again."

LOVE. Oh, lord! a matter-of-fact converſation is inſupportable.

Mrs. BELL. Pray, my lord, have you ever obſerved the manner of one lady's accoſting another at Ranelagh?—She comes up to you with a demure look of inſipid ſerenity,—makes you a ſolemn ſalute —"Ma'am, I am overjoyed to meet you,—you look charmingly.—But, dear Madam, did you hear what happened to us all the other night?—— We were going home from the Opera, Ma'am; —you know my aunt Roly-Poly,—it was her coach, —there was ſhe,—and lady Betty Fidget,—Your moſt obedient ſervant, Ma'am, *(Curtſeying to another, as it were going by)* lady Betty, you know, is recovered—every body thought it over with her, —but doctor Snakeroot was called in, no not doctor Snakeroot, Doctor Bolus it was, and ſo he altered the courſe of the medicines,—and ſo my lady Betty recovered;—well, there was ſhe and Sir George Bragwell,—a pretty man Sir George,—fineſt teeth in the world.—Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient.— We expected you laſt night,—but you did not come, he! he!—And ſo there was he and the reſt of us,— and ſo turning the corner of Bond-ſtreet, the villain of a coachman—How do you do, Madam?— The villain of a coachman overturned us all;— my aunt Roly-Poly, was frightened out of her wits,

wits, and lady Betty has been nervish ever since:—Only think of that,—such accidents in life.—Ma'am your most obedient,—I am proud to see you look so well."

Love. An exact description,—the very thing—ha! ha!

Mrs. Bell. And then from this conversation they all run to cards;—"Quadrille has murdered wit."

Love. Ay, and beauty too; for upon these occasions, "the passions in the features are—" I have seen many a beautiful countenance change in a moment, into absolute deformity; the little loves and graces that before sparkled in the eye, bloom'd in the cheek, and smil'd about the mouth, all fly off in an instant, and resign the features which they before adorn'd, to fear, to anger, to grief, and the whole train of fretful passions.

Mrs. Bell. Ay, and the rage we poor women are often betrayed into on these occasions—

Love. Very true, Ma'am; and if by chance, they do bridle and hold in a little, the struggle they undergo is the most ridiculous sight imaginable.—I have seen an oath quivering upon the pale lip of a reigning toast, for half an hour together; yes, and I have seen an uplifted eye blaspheming providence for the loss of an odd trick;—and then at last, when the whole room burst out into one loud universal uproar, "My Lord, you flung away the game.—No, Ma'am, it was you.—Sir George, why did not you rough the diamond? Capt. Hazard, why did not you lead through the honour? Ma'am, it was not the play.—Pardon me, Sir,—But Ma'am,—But Sir,—I would not play with you for straws. Don't you know what Hoyle says? If A and B are partners against C and D, and the game nine-all, A and B have won three tricks, and C and D four tricks; C leads his suit, D puts up the king then returns the suit, A passes, C puts up the queen, B

roughs the next:" and so A and B, and C and D are bang'd about; and all is jargon, confusion, uproar, and wrangling, and nonsense, and noise.—Ha! ha!

Mrs. Bell. Ha! ha! A fine picture of a rout; but one must play sometimes—we must let our friends pick our pockets sometimes, or they'll drop our acquaintance.—Pray, my Lord, do you never play?

Love. Play, Ma'am!—I must lie to the end of the chapter, (*Aside,*) play!—now and then out of necessity;—otherwise,—I never touch a card.

Mrs. Bell. Oh! very true, you dedicate your time to the muses; a downright rhyming Peer.—Do you know, my Lord, that I am charm'd with your song?

Love. Are you?

Mrs. Bell. I am indeed;—I think you'd make a very tolerable Vauxhall poet.

Love. you flatter me, Ma'am.

Mrs. Bell. No, as I live and breathe, I don't;—and do you know that I can sing it already?—Come, you shall hear me,—you shall hear it. (*Sings.*)

I.

Attend all ye fair, and I'll tell ye the art
To bind every fancy with ease in your chains,
To hold in soft fetters the conjugal heart,
And banish from Hymen *his doubts and his pains.*

II.

When Juno *accepted the cestus of love,*
At first she was handsome; she charming became;
With skill the soft passions it taught her to move,
To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame.

III.

'Tis this gives the eyes all their magic and fire;
The voice melting accents; impassions the kiss;
Confers the sweet smiles that awaken desire,
And plants round the fair each incentive to bliss.

IV.

IV.

Thence flows the gay chat, more than reaſon that charms;
The eloquent bluſh, that can beauty improve;
The fond ſigh, the fond vow, the ſoft touch that alarms,
The tender diſdain, the renewal of love.

V.

Ye fair take the ceſtus, and practiſe its art;
The mind unaccompliſh'd, mere features are vain,
Exert your ſweet pow'r, you will conquer each heart,
And the loves, joys and graces, ſhall walk in your train.

LOVE. My poetry is infinitely oblig'd to you, for the embelliſhments your voice and manner confer upon it.

Mrs. BELL. O fulſome!—I ſing horridly, and I look horridly; *(goes to the glaſs)*—How do I look, my Lord?—but don't tell me,—I won't be told.—I ſee you are ſtudying a compliment, and I hate compliments;—well, what is it? let's hear your compliment—why don't you compliment me?—I won't hear it now.—But pray now how came you to chooſe ſo grave a ſubject as connubial happineſs?——

LOVE. Cloſe and particular that queſtion; *(Aſide.)*

Mrs. BELL. Well upon my word you have drawn your picture ſo well in this little ſong, that one would imagine you had a wife at home to ſit for it.

LOVE. Ma'am, *(embarraſs'd)* the compliment,—a—you are but laughing at me;—I—I,—I—Zouns, I am afraid ſhe begins to ſmoke me, *(Aſide.)*—A very ſcanty knowledge of the world will ſerve: and—and there is no need of one's own experience in theſe caſes:—and when you, Madam, are the original, it is no wonder that this copy———

Mrs. BELL. O lard, you are going to plague me again with your odious ſolicitations, but I won't hear 'em;—you muſt be gone.—If I ſhould be weak

weak enough to liſten to you, what would become of Sir Brilliant Faſhion?

Love. Sir Brilliant Faſhion!

Mrs. Bell. Yes, don't you know Sir Brilliant Faſhion?

Love. No, Ma'am, I don't know the gentleman:—I beg pardon if he is your acquaintance, but from what I have heard of him, I ſhould not chuſe him to be among my intimates.

Enter MIGNIONET *in a violent hurry.*

Mign. O lud! I am frighted out of my ſenſes,—The poor lady.—Where's the hartſhorn-drops?—

Love. The lady! What lady?

Mign. Never ſtand aſking what lady,—ſhe has fainted away, Ma'am, all of a ſudden. Give me the drops.—

Mrs. Bell. Let me run to her aſſiſtance.—Adieu, my Lord,—I ſhall be at home in the evening;—Mignionet, ſtep this way.—My Lord, you'll excuſe me; I expect you in the evening. *(Exit.)*

Love. I ſhall wait on you, Ma'am. What a villain am I to carry on this ſcheme, againſt ſo much beauty, innocence, and merit?—Ay, and to have the impudence to aſſume this badge of honour, to cover the moſt unwarrantable purpoſes!—But no reflection, have her I muſt; and that quickly too.—If I don't prevail ſoon, I am undone—ſhe'll find me out:—egad, I'll be with her betimes this evening, and preſs her with all the vehemence of love.—Women have their ſoft, unguarded moments, and who knows?—But to take the advantage of the openneſs and gaity of her heart!—And then my friend Sir Brilliant, will it be fair to ſupplant him?—Prithee be quiet, my dear conſcience; don't you be meddling; don't you interrupt a gentleman in his amuſements. Don't you know, my good friend, that love has no reſpect of perſons, knows no laws of friendſhip;—

be-

beſides, 'tis all my wife's fault—why don't ſhe ſtrive to make home agreeable?

For foreign pleaſures, foreign joy, I roam,
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.—
(going.)

(Sir Brilliant *is heard ſinging within)*

What the devil is Madam Fortune at now?—Sir Brilliant, by all that's odious!—No place to conceal in!—No eſcape!—the door is lock'd!—Mignionet, Mignionet, open the door.

MIGN. *(within)* You can't come in here, Sir.

LOVE. This curſed ſtar, and this ribband, will ruin me.—Let me get off this confounded tell-tale evidence.—*(takes off the ribband in a hurry.)*

Enter Sir BRILLIANT.

Sir BRIL. My dear Madam, I moſt heartily rejoice—Ha!—Lovemore!

LOVE. Your ſlave, Sir Brilliant, your ſlave, *(Hiding the ſtar with his hat.)*

Sir BRIL. How is this? I did not think you had been acquainted here!

LOVE. I came to look for you,—I thought to have found you here;—and ſo I have ſcrap'd an acquaintance with the lady, and made it ſubſervient to your purpoſes.—I have been giving a great character of you.

Sir BRIL. Well, but what's the matter?—What are you fumbling about? *(pulls the hat.)*

LOVE. 'Sdeath have a care!—for heaven's ſake—*(crams his handkerchief there.)*

Sir BRIL. What the devil ails you?

LOVE. Taken ſo unaccountably,—my old complaint—Sir Brilliant, yours,

Sir BRIL. Zouns, Man, you had beſt ſit down.

LOVE. Here's a buſineſs,—*(aſide,)*—pray let me paſs;—my old complaint.—

Sir BRIL. what complaint?

LOVE.

Love. I muſt have a ſurgeon,—occaſioned by the ſtroke of a tennis-ball;—my Lord Rackett's unlucky left hand:—Let me paſs, there is certainly ſomething forming there,—let me paſs.—To be caught is the devil, *(aſide,)* don't name my name, you'll ruin all that I ſaid for you, if you do.—Sir Brilliant, your ſervant.—There is certainly ſomething forming. *(Exit.)*

Sir Bril. What can this mean? I muſt have this explain'd.—Then Mrs. Lovemore's ſuſpicions are right; I muſt come at the bottom of it,—Ay, ay;—there is ſomething forming here!—

Enter Mrs. BELLMOUR.

Sir Bril. My dear Mrs. Bellmour.

Mrs. Bell. Heaven's! What brings you here?

Sir Bril. I congratulate with myſelf upon the felicity of meeting you thus at home.

Mrs. Bell. Your viſit is unſeaſonable, you muſt be gone.

Sir Bril. Madam, I have a thouſand things—

Mrs. Bell. Well, well, another time.

Sir Bril. Of the tendereſt import.

Mrs. Bell. I can't hear you now;—fly this moment:—I have a lady taken ill in the next room.

Sir Bril. Ay, and you have had a gentleman taken ill here too.

Mrs. Bell. Do you diſpute my will and pleaſure;—fly this inſtant, *(turns him out.)* So I'll make ſure of the door.

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE, *leaning on* MIGNIONET.

Mign. This way, Madam, here's more air in this room.

Mrs. Bell. How do you find yourſelf, Ma'am? Pray ſit down.

Mrs. Love. My ſpirits were too weak to bear up any longer, againſt ſuch a ſcene of villainy.

Mrs. Bell. Villainy!—What villainy!

Mrs. Love. Of the blackeſt dye!—I ſee, Madam, you are acquainted with my huſband.

Mrs. Bell. Acquainted with your huſband! *(angrily.)*

Mrs. Love. A moment's patience, That gentleman that was here with you is my huſband.

Mrs. Bell. Lord Etheridge your huſband!

Mrs. Love. Lord Etheridge, as he calls himſelf, and as you have been made to call him alſo, is no other than Mr. Lovemore.

Mrs. Bell. And has he then been baſe enough to aſſume that title, to enſnare me to my undoing?

Mign. Well, for certain, I believe the devil's in me; I always thought him a ſly one.

Mrs. Love. To ſee my huſband carrying on this dark buſineſs,—to ſee the man I have loved,—the man I have eſteem'd,—the man, I am afraid, I muſt ſtill love, tho' eſteem him again I cannot,—to be a witneſs to his complicated wickedneſs,—it was too much for ſenſibility like mine,—I felt the ſhock too ſeverely,—and ſunk under it.

Mrs. Bell. I am ready to do the ſame myſelf now. I ſink into the very ground with amazement. The firſt time I ever ſaw him was at old Mrs. Loveit's,—ſhe introduc'd him to me; — the appointment was of her own making.

Mrs. Love. You know her character, I ſuppoſe, Madam.

Mrs. Bell. She's a woman of faſhion, and ſees a great deal of good company.

Mrs. Love. Very capable of ſuch an action for all that.

Mrs. Bell. Well, I cou'd never have imagin'd that any woman wou'd be ſo baſe as to paſs ſuch a

cheat upon me. Step this moment, and give orders never to let him within my doors again. *(To her maid, who goes out.)* I am much oblig'd to you, Ma'am, for this visit. To me it is highly fortunate, but I am sorry for your share in't, as the discovery brings you nothing but a conviction of your husband's baseness.

Mrs. Love. I'm determin'd to be no farther uneasy about him, nor will I live a day longer under his roof.

Mrs. Bell. Hold, hold, make no violent resolutions.—You'll excuse me—I can't help feeling for you, and I think this incident may be still converted to your advantage.

Mrs. Love. That can never be,—I am lost beyond redemption.

Mrs. Bell. Don't decide that too rashly.—Come, come, a man is worth thinking a little about, before one throws the hideous thing away for ever. Besides, you have heard his sentiments. Perhaps you are a little to blame yourself.—We will talk this matter over coolly. Ma'am, you have sav'd me,—— and I must now discharge the obligation.—You shall stay and drink tea with me.

Mrs. Love. I can't possibly do that,—I won't give you so much trouble.

Mrs. Bell. It will be a pleasure, Ma'am,—you shall stay with me, I will not part with you, and I will lay such a plan, as may ensure him yours for ever.—Come, come, my dear Madam, don't you still think he has some good qualities to apologize for his vices?

Mrs. Love. I must own, I still hope he has.

Mrs. Bell. Very well then, and he may still make atonement for all; and let me tell you, that a man who can make proper atonement for his faults should not be entirely despis'd—Allons! [*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, at the Widow BELLMOUR's.

Enter WILLIAM *and* MIGNIONET.

WILLIAM.

BUT I tell you, Mrs. Mignionet—

MIGN. But I tell you, Mr. Brazen, he is not here—There is no body at home; so rid the house, do; you have no business here.

WIL. Nay, don't be in a passion; did not you hear my Lord give me his orders to come for him?

MIGN. Well, it does not signify; he has been gone this good while; a fine Lord truly!—

WIL. So he is indeed, Mrs. Mignionet;—and very ungrateful you have both been, you and your Lady, to behave in this manner to persons of our dignity.

MIGN. Very well; may be so; but decamp with your dignity, do; follow my Lord, march.—

WIL. Ay! I am going; adieu, Mrs. Mignionet, adieu!—Don't you cry;——don't let me see your tears—I have not so much flint about my heart as I thought—Upon my soul I pity thee; I do indeed, Child—

MIGN. Well! No more of your nonsense, but turn upon your rogue's heel, and rid the house.

WIL. We intended very handsomely by you both; we did, I assure you;—if we had liked ye upon trial; I do in my conscience believe we should have taken ye both into keeping.

MIGN. Don't be vulgar, Mr. Impertinent.—

WIL. It is my real opinion we ſhould have done it—our uſual way indeed is, if we ſee a woman we like, "a fine creature that!—ſhape, very well!—"air, good!—an eye too!—upon my ſoul, a deli-"cate, melting, ſleepy eye!"——Oh! darts and flames; we are all on fire;—"Have ſome com-"paſſion, thou angel of thy ſex, upon a poor dying "ſwain that long has—What would the man be at? "—You don't mean to be rude, Sir?—no Ma-"dam; not in the leaſt—*tout au contraire.*" So up go the heels of her virtue in an inſtant; we revel in delight, ſurfeit on joys, and then come to our-ſelves again, make a grave bow, "Ma'am, your "moſt obedient," ſo cock our hats, hum a tune, walk off with an air, and drop her acquaintance; that's our uſual way—

MIGN. Hold your looſe, profligate, impudent tongue—

WIL. That's our uſual way—but with you,—for really we had ſome regard for you,—with you I believe we ſhould have proceeded in a different manner—it's my opinion, we ſhould have let you have a honey-moon out of us at leaſt—

MIGN. Don't provoke me, you impudent block-head; don't—

WIL. It begins to work with her—*(aſide.)* You would have been both very happy, Mrs. Mignionet, I can tell you that—an agreeable man, my Lord—greatly admired in foreign parts—

MIGN. Admired!—I wiſh I dare tell him all I know. *(Aſide.)*

WIL. And as for me—mind that figure—not well built to be ſure! ha! ha! you would have been wonderfully happy—your miſtreſs would have been lady Etheridge for the time being;—and you—

MIGN. Hold your tongue, or I'll tear your eyes out, I will—

WIL.

WIL. You ſhould have been Madam Uſeful, the ſuppoſed wife of William Uſeful, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the ſaid lord Etheridge—

MIGN. Unmannerly coxcomb!—I could leave the print of my ten nails upon your rogue's face, I could—
(Runs at him.)

WIL. Moderate your anger, my dear, moderate your anger—*(holding her.)*

MIGN. You impudent blockhead!—

WIL. Softly—

MIGN. You unhang'd villain!—

WIL. Don't be furious—all this good we intended ye both; it would not indeed have laſted for ever;—the reign of your beauty would in time decline; then we ſhould be for calmly taking our leave, and you, on your parts, would have tuned your miſerable pipes—"Will you ſerve two poor tender-hearted women in "this manner? ye crocodiles of the Nile, ye lions "of the foreſt, ye Ruſſian bears, ye monſters of the "deſert.— *(pretending to cry.)*

MIGN. I'll tear you piece-meal, you villain, I will.—

WIL. Don't break the peace woman—*(holds her.)*

MIGN. I could cry my eyes out for vexation—you impertinent jackanapes, to go for to talk to me in this manner— *(crying.)*

WIL. Ay! now the ſhower comes; let it waſh her face;—well, your ſervant, my dear,—adieu!

MIGN. Yes, go your ways, do—

WIL. *(going, returns.)* You'll never ſee us any more.

MIGN. So much the better.—

WIL. *(returning.)* We ſhall never viſit you again.

MIGN. Who deſires your viſits?—

WIL. Not even if you ſend for us.

MIGN. Very well!—a good riddance—

WIL. Fare ye well!—you now ſee the laſt of me;
—and

—and harkye; don't break your heart;—adieu!—don't let me find you hanging in the garret,—dangling by an old waſh'd ribbon—do nothing raſhly—time will cure your ſorrow—adieu.—*(Exit ſinging.)*

MIGN. Ay, go thy ways for a vile, abandoned—they ſhall ſoon be expoſed all over the town, that's what they ſhall; a couple of falſe, perfidious, vile wretches.—*(Exit.)*

SCENE, Sir BASHFUL CONSTANT's.

Enter Lady CONSTANT *and* FURNISH.

Lady CON. Is the ſervant waiting?

FUR. He is, Ma'am.

Lady CON. Very well; I need not write; give my ſervice to Mrs. Lovemore, and I ſhall wait upon her.

FUR. I ſhall, Madam, *(going.)*

Lady CON. But, Furniſh;—have the things been carried home to Sir Brilliant Faſhion, as I ordered?

FUR. They have, Madam.

Lady CON. Who went with them?

FUR. Your Ladyſhip's ſteward; he is a truſty body, and can be depended upon;—

Lady CON. Very well! Step and ſend Mrs. Lovemore word, I ſhall wait upon her.—*(Exit* Furniſh.*)*

Lady CONSTANT, *alone.*

Thoſe diamond buckles muſt certainly have been ſent to me by Sir Brilliant Faſhion; he has already had the confidence to make diſhonourable overtures to me, and ſeeing what a hard card I have to play with my huſband, he thinks, I ſuppoſe, to bribe me to my ruin. Let me ſee the letter I received with them, *(reads)* "*Accept this preſent from one that* "*adores you, and, whenever he ſees you inclined to* "*make a return to his affection, will declare himſelf*

" *farther to you.*"—It must be Sir Brilliant; no one else would presume so far;—however, I have treated him with the disdain he merits.—But Mrs. Lovemore's card—what can be the meaning of it? *(reads)* " *begs the favour of her Ladyship's company to cards* " *this evening.*"—Cards at Mrs. Lovemore's!—there is something new in that—*(reads)* " *a particular af-* " *fair requires Mrs.* Lovemore's *friends to be pre-* " *sent.*"—There is some mystery in all this—what can it be?—

Enter Sir BASHFUL.

Sir BASH. Here she is;—now let me see whether the present I have conveyed to her has put her into a better temper.—Your servant, Madam.—

Lady CON. Your servant, Sir.

Sir BASH. You seem out of humour, I think, Madam.

Lady CON. And, considering that you never give me cause—That is very strange, is it not?—

Sir BASH. My lady Constant, if you did not give me cause—

Lady CON. For heaven's sake, Sir, let us have no more disagreeable altercation—I am tired of your violence of temper, your frequent starts of passion; your unaccountable fancies.

Sir BASH. Fancies, Madam! do I only fancy that you are for ever making exorbitant demands upon me for the various articles of your expence?—and when you are constantly teazing me for diamonds, and I know not what; is that a fancy that I take into my head without foundation?

Lady CON. Pray Sir, let us not dispute—I promise never to trouble you on that head again—

Sir BASH. She is resolved, I see, not to own that she has received them—Stubborn, stubborn to the last, *(Aside.)*

Lady

Lady Con. To be plain with you, Sir, I cannot any longer ſubmit to be tormented with your humours—I have wrote to my ſollicitor to attend us here to-morrow morning with the articles of ſepation, and I preſume, Sir, you will have no objection to their being finally executed.—I have no time to ſquander now in frivolous diſputes—I muſt prepare to go out and pay a viſit—your ſervant Sir— *(Exit.)*

Sir Bash. I muſt unburthen myſelf at laſt—muſt diſcloſe the ſecrets of my heart; ſhe has poſſeſſed my very ſoul; is ever preſent to my imagination; mingles with all my thoughts, inflames my tendereſt paſſions, and raiſes ſuch a conflict here—*(Striking his breaſt.)*—I cannot any longer keep this fire pent-up; I'll go, and throw myſelf open to her this moment—But then that chatter-box of a maid will be with her—I can turn her out of the room—but then ſhe'll ſuſpect ſomething more than common—ſuppoſe I ſend to know whether ſhe is alone!—Who's there?—Any body in the way?—

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Sir Bash. Step and ſee if any body is in the room?—What do you ſtand ſtock-ſtill for?—Why don't you go?—

Side. What room does your honour mean?

Sir Bash. Can't you hear when you are ſpoken to?—Go and ſee if any body is in your lady's room?

Side. Now I underſtand you, Sir—what new whim has he taken into his head?—*(Going.)*

Sir Bash. And hark'e,—be ſure you—No, no—It's no matter; it does not ſignify—you need not go at all.

Side. As you pleaſe, Sir— *(Exit.)*

Sir Bash. *(Alone.)* Shall I venture or not?—That babbling minx of a maid, I can get rid off—But then, ſome of her viſitors will be breaking in upon us—what can I do?—My friend Lovemore, what

what keeps him away ſo long?—I can't risk the explanation myſelf—and yet—no—I had better drop it altogether—a thought comes acroſs me——that's right—that will do—Ay, ay—'tis even ſo—I ſhould never be able to go thro' it.—The glance of her eye, the warmth of my own deſires,—my remorſe,—my confuſion—No, no,—it ſhall be the other way—Sideboard,—why don't you anſwer when I call?—

Enter SIDEBOARD.

SIDE. I came the very inſtant I heard you, Sir.

Sir BASH. Don't ſtand talking;—draw that table over this way—A letter will do the buſineſs—reach a chair—You blockhead, why don't you reach a chair?

SIDE. There, your Honour——

Sir BASH. Do you ſtay while I write a letter—You ſhall carry it for me—*(Sits down and writes.)*

SIDE. Yes, Sir—I hope he has got ſome intrigue upon his hands; a ſervant always thrives under a maſter that has his private amuſements—Love on, ſay I, if you are ſo given; it will all bring griſt to my mill—*(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. *(writing.)* Soft, paſſionate, and tender ſo far—and yet it does not come up to what I feel—it is a hard thing, in exceſſive love like mine, to ſpeak as delicately as we think to the perſon we love—*(Aſide.)*

SIDE. Let me ſee if there is any news in the paper to-day—*(Takes a paper out of his pocket and reads)*—Oh! Lord! Oh! Lord! I can't help laughing—Ha! ha!——

Sir BASH. *(ſtares at him.)* What does that raſcal mean?—He does not ſuſpect me, does he?—*(Stares at him, then riſes.)* Hark'e Sirrah!—If ever I find that you dare liſten at any door in my houſe, I'll cut your ears off, I will.

SIDE. Sir!——

Sir Bash. Confeſs the truth;—Have not you been liſtening to my converſation?

Side. Who I, Sir?—not I, Sir;—I never did the like in my born days.

Sir Bash. What was you laughing at, Raſcal?

Side. An article in the news-paper; that's all Sir—I'll read it to your Honour—*(Reads.)* We hear that a new comedy will ſpeedily be acted, call'd "*The Amourous Husband, or the Man in Love with his own Wife.*"

Sir Bash. Well, and what do you ſee to laugh at there?

Side. Lord bleſs me Sir! I have lived in a great many families, and I never heard of the like before—Ha! ha!———

Sir Bash. Look'e there now!—Sirrah! leave the room—and let me never find that you have the trick of liſtening at any of my doors.—

Side. No Sir—To be ſure, your Honour—what is he at now? *(Exit.)*

Sir Bash. *(alone.)* Wounds! I ſhall be laught at by my own ſervants!—But no more ſcruples,—paſs that by—I'll finiſh my letter.—But then, if I ſhould get into a comedy for my pains!—No, no; I'll run away into the country with her, to avoid the ſarcaſms of the malicious world.—It ſhall be ſo, and ſo I'll e'en conclude—There, there—I'll ſeal it up directly.—Sideboard, Sideboard.———

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Sir Bash. *(ſealing the letter)* I have open'd my whole heart to her—why does not this fellow come?—Sideboard!

Side. Here am I, Sir?

Sir Bash. What do you take your hat and ſtick for?

Side. To go out with your Honour's letter.

Sir Bash. You have not far to go—take it and bring

bring me an anſwer—and do you hear?—Take care that nobody ſees you—

SIDE. I warrant you, Sir. *(Exit.)*

Sir BASH. I feel as if a load was off my breaſt; and yet I fear,—but I am embarked, and ſo muſt wait the event.

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Sir BASH. Return'd already, Sideboard!—what, is ſhe not at home?

SIDE. I can't ſay, Sir; a word or two by way of direction will not be amiſs—

Sir BASH. Blockhead! have not I directed it? *(Takes the Letter.)*

SIDE. I could never have ſuſpected him of an intrigue. *(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. There again now!—If I direct it, this hound will be upon the trail of a ſecret—*(Aſide.)*—You may go about your buſineſs, Sideboard, I don't want you—

SIDE. Very well, Sir;—If he does not let me manage his intrigues for him I ſhall give him warning. *(Exit.)*

Sir BASH. What muſt be done?—Lovemore ſhall do it—Ha!——Sideboard coming again!——No; it is not he—Ha! Mr. Lovemore! I am glad to ſee you—

Enter LOVEMORE.

LOVE. You ſee me here this ſecond time to-day, entirely on the ſcore of friendſhip.—

Sir BASH. I thank you, Mr. Lovemore, heartily thank you—

LOVE. Well, and how does my lady?

Sir BASH. We don't hit it at all, Mr. Lovemore—

LOVE. No!

Sir BASH. I think ſhe has been rather worſe ſince you ſpoke to her.

LOVE. A good ſymptom that! *(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. Not a word of the buckles, tho' ſhe has received them—obſtinate as a mule!—She ſtill talks of parting—and ſo, to prevent extremities, I have even thought of explaining myſelf to her—

LOVE. What acquaint her with your paſſion!

Sir BASH. Ay! and truſt to her honour. I have wrote her a letter—here it is ſigned and ſealed—but then it is not directed—I got into a puzzle about that; my ſervant, you know, would wonder at my writing to her.

LOVE. So he would.

Sir BASH. Yes, he would have ſmok'd me; but you are come moſt opportune; you ſhall direct, and ſend it to her.

LOVE. I'll take it home with me, and ſend it from my houſe to-morrow morning.

Sir BASH. No, no; now directly, now.

LOVE. You had better let me go and ſpeak to her, and don't give any thing under your hand.

Sir BASH. That won't do; ſhe'll ſend a verbal anſwer; now, in this way, if I can draw a letter from her, I ſhall have her bound down; it muſt be ſo—

LOVE. Better take a little time to conſider of it—

Sir BASH. No, no; I can't defer it one moment;—Not one moment—it burns like a fire here—you muſt be my friend—ſit down; ſit down and direct it,—

Enter SIDEBOARD.

SIDE. Sir Brilliant Faſhion, Sir, is below.

LOVE. 'Sdeath he muſt not come up; run to him, talk to him, amuſe him, any thing rather than let him interrupt us.

Sir BASH. No; he ſhan't come up.

LOVE. You loſe time, away; and don't let him know

know that I am here—fly, Sir Bashfull, fly—*(Shoves him out.)*

Love. *(alone.)* A lucky accident this! I have gained time by it.—Matters were in a fine train, and he himself levelling the road for me, and now, if this takes, I am blown up in the air at once.—Some unlucky planet rules to-day; first the widow Bellmour, and now this will-o'-the-wisp!—what in the name of wonder has he wrote? *(Going to open the Letter.)* But will that be delicate? will that be like a gentleman? will it be honourable?—Honour has always a great deal to preach on these occasions—But then must I lose the dear delight—Oh! the passions need say but a word, and their business is done. Friendship and wafer by your leave *(breaks it open and reads.)* this must not be—I'll write another letter from myself—*(Sits down to write.)* What the devil shall I say?—Any thing will do—*(Writes and starts up as if frightened.)* There is no body coming *(writes and mutters to himself.)* Touched my heart—Hem! very well—*Long adored*,—very well!—*Kind return*,—very well!—*Husband*—very well!—*Inhumanity*, Hem! *Tenderness*,—Hem!—Your *sincerest admirer*—very well!—*Lovemore*—what have I wrote?—let me see—*(Reads fast.)* "*Why should "I conceal, my dear Madam, that your charms have "touched my heart? I long have loved you; long "adored. Could I but flatter myself with the least "kind return, I should be the happiest of mankind, "let me persuade you to the sweetest revenge against "a husband, whose inhumanity is beyond enduring. "Every motive prompts you to it; and at the same "time you will enjoy the secret pleasure of rewarding "the tenderness of your sincerest admirer,*"

Lovemore."

This will do! let me seal it—Soft! I must add a postscript——*(writes, and then reads very fast.)*

" *You need ſend no other anſwer but it's very well*; " *and you'll conſider of it.*"——There, there, make haſte, let me ſeal it up—*(Seals it in a hurry.)*

Enter SIR BASHFUL.

Sir BASH. Well! have you ſent it?

LOVE. Your ſervant has not been here, and I am juſt writing the direction—

Sir BASH. Who waits there? Sideboard!—I have got rid of Sir Brilliant, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE. I am glad of it.

Enter SIDEBOARD.

Sir BASH. Here, Sirrah! Mr. Lovemore, wants you.

LOVE. Maſter Sideboard, you muſt ſtep to your lady with this.

Sir BASH. Charming! charming!—Take it up ſtairs directly.

SIDE. Up-ſtairs Sir! My lady is in the next room.

Sir BASH. Take it to her then; make haſte; begone—*(Exit Sideboard.)* I hope this will ſucceed, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE. I hope it will.

Sir BASH. I ſhall for ever be obliged to you, and ſo will my lady.

LOVE. I dare ſay ſhe won't prove ungrateful.

Sir BASH. I ſhould like to ſee how ſhe receives it;—the door is conveniently open; I'll have a peep *(goes on tip-toe)* there,—there ſhe ſits.—

LOVE. Methinks I ſhould like to obſerve her too.

Sir BASH. Huſh!—No noiſe.—She has got it; I am frightened out of my wits.

LOVE. Silence! not a word.—She opens it;—Now, my dear boy Cupid, incline her heart. *(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. She colours!

LOVE. I like that riſing bluſh—a tender token that!—

Sir

Sir BASH. She turns pale!

LOVE. The natural working of the paſſions.

Sir BASH. And now ſhe reddens again!—Death and fury!—She tears the letter!—I am undone—*(Walks away from the door.)*

LOVE. She has flung it from her with indignation—I am undone too—*(Goes from the door.)*

Sir BASH. Mr. Lovemore, you ſee what it is all come to!——

LOVE. I am ſorry to ſee it come to this indeed.—

Sir BASH. An arrogant, ungrateful woman!—

LOVE. Ungrateful indeed!—To make ſuch a return to ſo kind a letter.

Sir BASH. Ay! ſo kind a letter!—

LOVE. So full of the tendereſt proteſtations!—

Sir BASH. Made with the greateſt openneſs of heart!—throwing ones-ſelf at her very feet; and then to be ſpurned, kicked, and treated like a puppy.

LOVE. There it ſtings—like a puppy indeed—

Sir BASH. Did ſhe once ſmile?—Was there the faintest gleam of approbation in her countenance?

LOVE. Repaid it all with contempt, with ſcorn, and indignation.—

Sir BASH. I cannot bear it;—My dear Mr. Lovemore, do you know in nature a thing ſo mortifying, ſo galling to the pride of man, as to find himſelf rejected and deſpiſed where he has offered up his heart?

LOVE. Oh! 'Tis the damndeſt thing in the world—a fine ſcrape I have got into here—*(Aſide.)*

Sir BASH. Mr. Lovemore, I am heartily obliged to you, for taking this matter ſo much to heart.

LOVE. I take it more to heart, than you are aware of, I aſſure you.—

Sir BASH. You are kind indeed; I am for ever obliged to you—This is enough to make a man aſhamed all the reſt of his life—

Enter

Enter SIR BRILLIANT.

Sir Bril. Sir Baſhful! Sir Baſhful! I forgot to tell you—Hey!—Lovemore here!

Sir Bash. What brings him here again?—thoſe blockheads of ſervants to let him in—*(Aſide.)*

Sir Bril. I have a crow to pluck with you, Lovemore.

Love. Well! well! another time. He hunts me up and down, as the vice did the devil, with a dagger of lath in the old comedy *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bril. Upon my ſoul, you both look very queer upon it;—Lovemore is borrowing money of you, I ſuppoſe, Sir Baſhful and you can't agree about the premium.—Come, come, let him have it—he is a very honeſt fellow—Still out of humour!—Well! as you will—You have not the ſame reaſon to be in harmony with yourſelves, that I have.—Here, here;—I came back on purpoſe to tell you.—See here, my boys, what a preſent has been made me; *(Takes a ſhagreen caſe out of his pocket.)* a magnificent pair of diamond buckles, by Jupiter!

Sir Bash. A pair of diamond buckles!

Sir Bril. A pair of diamond buckles, Sir!—How ſuch a thing ſhould be ſent to me I can't conceive; they were left at my houſe by a country-looking fellow; he would not ſay where he came from, but he left them in charge to be delivered to me.—The conſequence of having ſome tolerable phraſe,—a perſon—and being attentive to the ſervice of the ladies.

Sir Bash. And this was ſent as a preſent to you?

Sir Bril. Ay! as a preſent; do you envy me?

Sir Bash. I can't but ſay I do—My buckles, Lovemore, by all that's falſe in woman. *(Aſide.)*

Love. He is the happy man, I ſee— *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bril. Both burning with envy, by Jupiter!

Sir

Sir BASH. But may not this be from a lady, who imagines you ſent them to her, and ſo chuſes to reject your preſent?

Sir BRIL. No, no;—No ſuch thing—Ha! ha! —Ladies do not reject preſents, my dear Sir Baſhful, from men who are agreeable in their eyes.

Sir BASH. So I believe;—what a jade it is? *(Aſide.)*

Sir BRIL. Had I ſent them, they would never have been returned.

Sir BASH. And pray now, Sir Brilliant, I ſuppoſe you expect to have this lady?

Sir BRIL. This is the fore-runner of it, I think—Ha! ha! Sir Baſhful—Lovemore!—this it is to be in luck.—Ha! ha! *(Laughs at them both.)*

Sir BASH. } Ha! ha! *(Both forcing a laugh.)*
LOVE. }

Sir BRIL. I ſwear you are both ſtrangely picqued —Lovemore, you ſeem uneaſy.

LOVE. You wrong me, Sir—I—I—I am not uneaſy.

Sir BASH. He frets on my account—Oh! he is a true friend. *(Aſide.)*

Sir BRIL. And, my dear Sir Baſhful, you repine at my ſucceſs too.

Sir BASH. I can't but ſay I do.

Sir BRIL. Well you are not diſpoſed to be good company I ſee—with all my heart—Lovemore, where do you ſpend the evening?

LOVE. I can't ſay Sir—I believe I ſhall ſtay here —Sir Baſhful and I are upon a little buſineſs.

Sir BRIL. Are you?—very well—don't let me interrupt—finiſh your money matters—adieu!—Your ſervant, Gentlemen, your ſervant—Thou dear pledge of love, *(Looking at the caſe)* let me claſp thee to my heart. *(Exit.)*

Sir BASHFULL and LOVEMORE.

Sir Bash. What think you now, Mr. Lovemore?

Love. All unaccountable, Sir.

Sir Bash. By all that's falſe, I am gulled, cheated, impoſed upon, deceived and dubbed—I ſuppoſe ſhe has given him my three hundred pounds too.—I'll tell you what, if I can but get ocular demonſtration of her guilt,—if I can but prove to the world that ſhe is vile enough to cuckold me, I ſhall be happy.

Love. Why that will be ſome conſolation indeed!——

Sir Bash. So it will—Kind heaven! grant me that—make it plain that ſhe diſhonours me—Hark! Here her ladyſhip comes——

Love. 'Sdeath! let me fly the impending ſtorm;—Sir Baſhful, your humble ſervant Sir. *(Going.)*

Sir Bash. You ſhall not go; you ſhall hear me give her her own, and be a witneſs of our ſeparation.

Love. No; I can't bear the ſight of her after what has paſs'd; a good night Sir Baſhful; a good night.

Sir Bash. *(Standing between him and the door.)* You ſhall ſtay; I will not part with you.

Enter LADY CONSTANT.

Lady Con. I am ſurpriz'd, Mr. Lovemore, you can think of ſtaying a moment longer in this houſe.

Love. Madam!—How the devil ſhall I give a turn to this buſineſs? *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore is my friend, Madam, and I deſire he will ſtay here as long as he likes, Madam.

Love. All will come out, I fear. *(Aſide.)*

Lady Con. Your friend, Sir Baſhful!—And do you authoriſe your friend, to treat me in this manner?—I wonder, Mr. Lovemore, you would preſume

ſume to ſend me ſuch a letter.—Do you come diſguiſed under a maſk of friendſhip—to undo me?

Sir Bash. A maſk of friendſhip!—I know him too well—and I deſired him to ſend that letter.

Love. Sir Baſhful deſired me, Ma'am. *(Bowing reſpectfully.)*

Sir Bash. I deſired it, Madam; and there is not a word of truth in that letter.

Love. Not one word of truth, Ma'am!

Sir Bash. It was all done to try you, Madam.

Love. Merely to try you.

Sir Bash. By way of an experiment; juſt to ſee how you would behave upon it.

Love. Purely for an experiment.

Lady Con. And am I to be made your ſport, Sir?—And could you, Mr. Lovemore, make your-yourſelf an accomplice in ſo mean an attempt to enſnare me?——

Sir Bash. To enſnare me!—She calls it enſnaring——

Love. He has pleaded for me moſt admirably. *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bash. It is pretty plain that our tempers are not fitted to each other, and I am now ready to part when you pleaſe, Madam;—Nay, I will part.

Lady Con. That is the only thing we can agree in, Sir.

Sir Bash. Had that letter come from another quarter, it would have been very acceptable, Madam.

Lady Con. I diſdain the imputation.

Sir Bash. Well! well!—I will vent no more reproaches—this is the laſt of our converſing together, and take this by the way, you are not to believe one word of that letter.

Love. Not one word of it to be believed, Ma'am.

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore knows it was a mere joke. And as to your being a fine woman, and as

to any paſſion that any body has conceived for you, —there was no ſuch thing.—Was there Lovemore?

Love. Ha! he! He brings me off finely; thanks to his wrong head. *(Aſide.)*

Lady Con. Mighty well, gentlemen; aggravate your ill uſage—

Sir Bash. It was all a bam, Madam;—all a bam; —let us laugh at her, Lovemore—

Love. Silly devil! *(aſide)*—ha! ha!

Sir Bash. All a bam; ha! ha!——

Lady Con. I cannot bear this any longer—is my chair ready there?—you may depend, Sir, this is the laſt you will ſee of me in your houſe. *(Exit.)*

LOVEMORE *and Sir* BASHFUL.

Sir Bash. Agreed, Madam; agreed.——Lovemore, this was well managed.

Love. Charmingly!—I am ſorry I could not ſucceed better.

Sir Bash. And ſo am I.

Love. I have done my beſt; and ſo now I'll take my leave, Sir Baſhful.

Sir Bash. You ſhall not leave me in this diſtreſs —a little longer, Mr. Lovemore.

Love. Had your lady proved tractable, I ſhould not have cared how long I ſtaid—but as things are ſituated,——your humble ſervant, Sir——it's nine o'clock; and I muſt go home to my wife.

Sir Bash. Never let her know you love her.

Love. No, no!—

Sir Bash. You ſee how it is.

Love. Ay! ay! well off this time, and Madam Fortune, if I truſt you again, you ſhall play me what prank you pleaſe. *(Exit.)*

Sir Bash. Mr. Lovemore, a good-night; but, harkye, if I can ſerve you with your lady.

Love.

LOVE. *(within.)* I thank you as much as if you had.

Sir BASH. Be ſure you never own the letter.

LOVE. Depend upon it.

Sir BASHFUL *alone.*

No, no; never own it—Sideboard, light the gentleman out.—My lady Conſtant! my lady Conſtant! let me chaſe her from my thoughts,—can I do it?—rage, fury, love—no more of love—I am glad ſhe has tore the letter however—odſo! yonder it lies in fragments on the ground; I'll pick it up directly, and never own a tittle of it. And as to Sir Brilliant, I ſhall know how to proceed with Madam in regard to him—If I can once prove the fact, every body will ſay I am very ill uſed by her. *(Exit.)*

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

SCENE, an Apartment at Mr. LOVEMORE's.

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE *elegantly dreſs'd*; MUSLIN *following her.*

MUSLIN.

WHY to be ſure, Ma'am, it is ſo for certain, and you are very much in the right of it.

Mrs. LOVE. I fancy I am;—I ſee the folly of my former conduct, and I am determin'd never to let my ſpirits ſink into a melancholy ſtate again.

MUS. Why, that's the very thing, Ma'am, the very thing I have been always preaching up to you.

—Did

—Did not I always ſay, ſee company, Ma'am, take your ſhare of pleaſure, and never break your heart for any man. This is what I always ſaid.

Mrs. Love. It's very well, you need not ſay any more now.

Mus. I always ſaid ſo!—And what did the world ſay? Heavens bleſs her for a ſweet woman! And a plague go with him for an inhuman, barbarous, bloody, murdering brute.

Mrs. Love. No more of theſe liberties, I deſire.

Mus. Nay, don't be angry,—they did ſay ſo indeed.—But dear heart, how every body will be overjoy'd, when they find you have pluck'd up a little, —as for me, it gives me new life, to have ſo much company in the houſe, and ſuch a racketing at the door with coaches and chairs, enough to hurry a body out of one's wits.—Lard, this is another thing, and you look quite like another thing, Ma'am, and that dreſs quite becomes you,—I ſuppoſe, Ma'am, you will never wear your negligèe again. It is not fit for you indeed, Ma'am.—It might paſs very well with ſome folks, Ma'am, but the like of you—

Mrs. Love. Prithee truce with your tongue, and ſee who is coming up ſtairs.

Enter Mrs. BELMOUR.

Mrs. Love. Mrs. Bellmour, I revive at the ſight of you. Muſlin do you ſtep down ſtairs, and do as I have ordered you.

Mus. What the duce can ſhe be at now? *(Exit.)*

Mrs. Bell. You ſee I am punctual to my time. —Well, I admire your dreſs of all things.—Did you buy this ſilk on Ludgate-Hill?—It's mighty pretty.

Mrs. Love. I am glad you like it,—but under all this appearance of gaity, I have at the bottom but an aching heart.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. Be rul'd by me, and I'll anſwer for the event.—Why really, now you look juſt as you ſhou'd do.——Why ſhou'd you neglect ſo fine a figure?

Mrs. Love. You are ſo civil, Mrs. Bellmour—

Mrs. Bell. And ſo true too!—what was beautiful before, is now heightened by the additional ornaments of dreſs; and if you will but animate and inſpire the whole, by thoſe graces of the mind, which I am ſure you poſſeſs, the impreſſion cannot fail of being effectual upon all beholders, and even upon the depraved mind of Mr. Lovemore.—You have not ſeen him ſince—have you?

Mrs. Love. No,—not a glimpſe of him.

Mrs. Bell. I hope he has no other haunts—If he does but come home time enough, depend upon it my plot will take. Well, and have you got together a good deal of company?

Mrs. Love. Pretty well.

Mrs. Bell. That's right,—ſhew him that you will conſult your own pleaſure.—Is Sir Brilliant of the party?

Mrs. Love. A-propos,—as ſoon as I came home I received a letter from him; my maid had taken it in.—He there preſſes his addreſſes with great warmth, begs to ſee me again, and has ſomething particular to tell me,—you ſhall ſee it.—Oh! lud, I have not it about me,—I left it in my dreſſing-room, I believe; you ſhall ſee it by and by, I took your advice, and ſent him word he might come;——that lure brought him hither immediately,——he makes no doubt of his ſucceſs with me.

Mrs. Bell. Well! two ſuch friends as Sir Brilliant and Mr. Lovemore, I believe, never exiſted!

Mrs. Love. Their falſhood to each other is unparalleled.—I left Sir Brilliant at the whiſt-table, as ſoon as the rubber's out, he'll certainly quit his company

pany in purſuit of me.—Apropos—My Lady Conſtant is here—

Mrs. Bell. Is ſhe!

Mrs. Love. She is, and has been making the ſtrangeſt diſcovery—Mr. Lovemore has had a deſign there too!

Mrs. Bell. Is it poſſible?—

Mrs. Love. Certainly ſo—there is ſufficient proof—you muſt know, Ma'am, *(a rap at the door)* as I live and breath, I believe this is Mr. Lovemore.—

Mrs. Bell. If it is, every thing goes on ſwimmingly within.

Mrs. Love. I hear his voice, it is he.—How my heart beats!

Mrs. Bell. Courage, and the day's our own.—Where muſt I run?

Mrs. Love. In there, Ma'am.—Make haſte,—I hear his ſtep on the ſtair-head.

Mrs. Bell. Succeſs attend you,—I am gone.

(Exit.)

Mrs. Love. *(alone,)* I am frighten'd out of my ſenſes,—what the event may be I fear to think,—but I muſt go thro' with it.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Mrs. Love. Mr. Lovemore, you're welcome home.

Love. Mrs. Lovemore, your ſervant. *(Without looking at her).*

Mrs. Love. It's ſomewhat rare to ſee you at home ſo early.

Love. I ſaid I wou'd come home, did not I?—I always like to be as good as my word.—What cou'd ſhe mean by this uſage? to make an appointment, and break it thus abruptly! *(Aſide.)*

Mrs. Love. He ſeems to muſe upon it. *(Aſide.)*

Love. I can't tell what to make of it,—ſhe does not mean to do ſo infamous a thing as to jilt me. *(Aſide.)*

(Aſide.) Oh, Lord! I am wonderfully tir'd. *(Yawns, and ſinks into an arm'd chair.)*

Mrs. Love. You an't indiſpos'd, I hope, my dear.

Love. No, my dear,—I thank you,—I am very well;—a little fatigu'd only, with jolting over the ſtones all the way from the city.—I drank coffee with the old banker,—I have been there ever ſince I went out this afternoon—Confoundedly tir'd.—Where's William?

Mrs. Love. Do you want any thing?

Love. Only my cap and ſlippers.—I am not in ſpirits, I think. *(Yawns.)*

Mrs. Love. You never are in ſpirits at home, Mr. Lovemore.

Love. I beg your pardon,—I never am any where more chearful, *(Stretching his arms.)* I wiſh I may die, if I an't very happy at home,—very *(yawns)*—very happy!

Mrs. Love. I can hear otherwiſe.—I'm inform'd that Mr. Lovemore is the inſpirer of mirth and good humour wherever he goes.

Love. Oh! you over-rate me; upon my ſoul you do.

Mrs. Love. I can hear, Sir, that no perſon's company is ſo acceptable to the ladies; that 'tis your wit that inſpirits every thing,—that you have your compliment for one, your ſmile for another, a whiſper for a third, and ſo on, Sir,—you divide your favours, and are every where, but at home, all whim, vivacity, and ſpirit.

Love. No,—no,—*(laughing,)* how can you talk ſo?—I ſwear, I can't help laughing at the fancy.—I all whim, vivacity, and ſpirit! I ſhall burſt my ſides.—How can you banter one ſo?—I divide my favours too!—Oh, heavens! I can't ſtand this raillery,—ſuch a deſcription of me!—I that am rather ſaturnine, of a ſerious caſt, and inclin'd to be pen-

ſive! I can't help laughing at the oddity of the conceit.—Oh Lord! Oh Lord! *(Laughs.)*

Mrs. Love. Juſt as you pleaſe, Sir.—I ſee that I am ever to be treated with indifference. *(Walks acroſs the ſtage.)*

Love. *(riſes and walks the contrary way.)* I can't put this widow Bellmour out of my head. *(Aſide.)*

Mrs. Love. If I had done any thing to provoke this uſage,—this cold, inſolent contempt—*(walking.)*

Love. I ſhall never be at reſt 'till I know the bottom of it—I wiſh I had done with that buſineſs intirely; but my deſires are kindled, and muſt be ſatisfy'd *(Aſide.)*

(They walk for ſome time ſilently by each other.)

Mrs. Love. What part of my conduct gives you offence, Mr. Lovemore.

Love. Still harping upon that ungrateful ſtring!—but prithee don't ſet me a laughing again.—Offence!——nothing gives me offence, Child!——you know I am very fond—*(yawns and walks)*—I like you of all things, and think you a moſt admirable wife;—prudent, managing,—careleſs of your own perſon, and very attentive to mine;—not much addicted to pleaſure,—grave,—retir'd,—and domeſtic;—govern your houſe——pay the tradeſmens bills, *(yawns)* ſcold the ſervants, and love your huſband:—upon my ſoul, a very good wife!—As good a ſort of a wife *(yawns)* as a body might wiſh to have.—Where's William?—I muſt go to bed.—

Mrs. Love. To bed ſo early!—Had not you better join the company?

Love. I ſhan't go out to night.

Mrs. Love. But I mean the company in the dining-room.

Love. What company? *(Stares at her.)*

Mrs. Love. That I invited to a rout.

Love. A rout in my houſe!—and you dreſſed out too!—What is all this?

Mrs.

Mrs. Love. You have no objection, I hope.—

Love. Objection! — no, — I like company, you know, of all things;——I'll go and join them:—— Who are they all?

Mrs. Love. You know 'em all;——and there's your friend Sir Brilliant there.

Love. Is he there?—I'm glad of it.—But pray now how comes this about?

Mrs. Love. I intend to do it often.

Love. Do ye?

Mrs. Love. Ay, and not look tamely on, while you revel luxuriously in a course of pleasure; I shall pursue my own plan of diversion.

Love. Do so, do so, Ma'am, the change in your temper will be very pleasing.

Mrs. Love. I shall indeed, Sir,—I'm in earnest.

Love. By all means follow your own inclinations.

Mrs. Love. And so I shall, Sir, I assure ye.

(Sings.)

No more I pine,
Content is mine;
That sunshine of the breast!
The pangs of love
No more I prove;
No cares disturb my rest.

Love. What the devil has come over her? and what in the name of wonder, does all this mean?

Mrs. Love. Mean Sir!—it means—it means—it means—how can you ask me what it means?—Well, to be sure, the sobriety of that question!—Do you think a woman of spirit can have leisure to tell her meaning, when she is all air, alertness, pleasure, and enjoyment?

Love. She's mad!—Stark mad!

Mrs. Love. You're mistaken, Sir,——not mad, but in spirits, that's all;—no offence I hope.—Am I too flighty for you?—perhaps I am,—you are of a

ſaturnine diſpoſition, inclin'd to think a little, or ſo. —Well, don't let me interrupt you; don't let me be of any inconvenience.—That would be the unpoliteſt thing—for a married couple to interfere and encroach on each other's pleaſures,——Oh hideous! it would be gothic to the laſt degree. Ha! ha! ha!

Love. *(forcing a laugh.)* Ha! ha!—Ma'am, you, ha! ha! you are perfectly right.

Mrs. Love. Nay, but I don't like that laugh now,—I poſitively don't like it;—can't you laugh out as you were us'd to do? for my part, I'm determined to do nothing elſe all the reſt of my life.

Love. This is the moſt aſtoniſhing thing! Ma'am, I don't rightly comprehend—

Mrs. Love. Oh lud! oh lud!—with that important face.—Well, but come now, what don't you comprehend?

Love. There is ſomething in this treatment that I don't ſo well—

Mrs. Love. Oh! are you there, Sir!——How quickly they, who have no ſenſibility for the peace and happineſs of others, can feel for themſelves, Mr. Lovemore!—But that's a grave reflection, and I hate reflection.

Love. What has ſhe got into her head?—This ſudden change, Mrs. Lovemore, let me tell you, is a little alarming, and—

Mrs. Love. Nay, don't be frighten'd,—there is no harm in innocent mirth, I hope; never look ſo grave upon it.—I aſſure ye, Sir, that though on your part, you ſeem determin'd to offer conſtant indignities to your wife,—and tho' the laws of retaliation wou'd in ſome ſort exculpate her, if, when provok'd to the utmoſt.—exaſperated beyond all enduring, ſhe ſhould, in her turn, make him know what it is to receive an injury in the tendereſt point—

Love. Madam! *(angrily.)*

Mrs. Love. Well, well, don't be frighten'd, I ſay, I ſhan't retaliate:—my own honour will ſecure you there;—you may depend upon it.—You won't come and play a game at cards?—Well, do as you like;—well,—you won't come? No, no, I ſee you won't.—What ſay you to a bit of ſupper with us?—Nor that neither?——Follow your inclinations, it is not material where a body eats.—The company expects me; your ſervant Mr. Lovemore, yours, yours.

(Exit ſinging.)

Love. *(alone.)* This is a frolic I never ſaw her in before!—Laugh all the reſt of my life!—Laws of retalion!—an injury in the tendereſt point;——the company expects me,——your ſervant, my dear, yours, yours!—*(mimicking her)* What the devil is all this?—Some of her female friends have been tampering with her.—Zouns!—I muſt begin to look a little ſharp after madam.—I'll go this moment into the card-room, and watch whom ſhe whiſpers with, whom ſhe ogles with, and every circumſtance that can lead to—*(going.)*

Enter MUSLIN *in a hurry.*

Mus. Madam, Madam,—here's your letter,—I wou'd not for all the world that my maſter—

Love. What, is ſhe mad too? What's the matter, Woman?

Mus. Nothing, Sir,—nothing,—I wanted a word with my lady, that's all, Sir.

Love. You wou'd not for the world that your maſter,—what was you going to ſay?—What paper's that?

Mus. Paper, Sir!

Love. Paper Sir! Let me ſee it.

Mus. Lard, Sir!—how can you aſk a body for ſuch a thing. It's a letter to me, Sir,—a letter from the country,—a letter from my ſiſter, Sir,—ſhe bids me to buy her a *Shiver de Fize* cap, and a ſixteenth in the

the lottery; and tells me of a number she dream't of, that's all, Sir,—I'll put it up.

Love. Let me look at it, give it me this moment? *(reads.)* To Mrs. Lovemore!—Brilliant Fashion. This is a letter from the country, is it?

Mus. That, Sir—that is—no Sir,—no;—that's not sister's letter.—If you will give me that back, Sir, I'll shew you the right one.

Love. Where did you get this?

Mus. Sir?

Love. Where did you get it?—Tell me truth.

Mus. Deart heart, you fright a body so—in the parlour, Sir,—I found it there.

Love. Very well!—Leave the room.

Mus. The devil fetch it, I was never so out in my politicks, in all my days. *(Exit.)*

Love. *(alone.)* A pretty epistle truly this seems to be,—let me read it.

"Permit me, dear madam, to throw myself on my knees, (for on my knees I must address you) and in that humble posture, to implore your compassion." —*Compassion with a vengeance on him*—*(walks about)* "Think you see me now with tender, melting, supplicating eyes, languishing at your feet:"—*Very well, Sir!*—"Can you find it in your heart to persist in cruelty?—Grant me but access to you once more, and in addition to what I already said this morning, I will urge such motives" *urge motives, will ye?*— "as will suggest to you, that you shou'd no longer hesitate in gratitude, to reward him, who still on his knees, here makes a vow to you of eternal constancy and love." BRILLIANT FASHION.

So; so! so!—your very humble servant, Sir Brilliant Fashion!—This is your friendship for me, is it?—your mighty kind indeed, Sir,—but I thank you as much as if you had really done me the favour,——and, Mrs. Lovemore, I'm your humble servant too.—She intends to laugh all the rest of her life!

life! This letter will change her note.—Odso, yonder she comes along the gallery, and Sir Brilliant in full chase of her.—They come this way,—cou'd I but detect them both now!—I'll step aside, and who knows but the devil may tempt 'em to their undoing,—at least I'll try,—a polite husband I am—— There's the coast clear for you, Madam. (*Exit.*)

Enter Mrs. LOVEMORE, *Sir* BRILLIANT *after her.*

Mrs. Love. I tell you, Sir Brilliant, your civility is odious,—your compliments fulsome,—and your solicitations impertinent, Sir.——I must make use of harsh language, Sir,—you provoke me to it and I can't refrain.

Sir Bril. By all my hopes we are now conveniently alone (*Aside.*) Not retiring to solitude and discontent again, I hope, Madam!—Have a care, my dear Mrs. Lovemore of a relapse.

Mrs. Love. No danger of that, Sir, don't be so solicitous about me.—Why wou'd you leave the company? let me intreat you to return, Sir.

Sir Bril. By heaven, there is more rapture in being one moment *vis-a-vis* with you, than in the company of a whole drawing-room of beauties.—— Round you are melting pleasures, tender transports, youthful loves, and blooming graces, all unfelt, neglected, and despis'd, by a tasteless, cold, languid, unimpassion'd husband, while they might be all so much better employ'd to the purposes of extacy and bliss.

Mrs. Love. I am amaz'd, Sir, at this liberty,—what action of my life has authoriz'd such bare-fac'd assurance?——I desire, Sir, you will desist from this unequall'd insolence. I am not to be treated in this manner,—and, I assure you, Sir, that were I not afraid of the ill consequences that might follow, I

should

ſhould not heſitate a moment to acquaint Mr. Lovemore with your whole behaviour.

Sir BRIL. She won't tell her huſband then,——a charming creature, and bleſſings on her for ſo convenient a hint,—ſhe yields, by all that's wicked!—What ſhall I ſay to overwhelm her ſenſes in a flood of noneſenſe? *(Aſide.)*

Go my heart's envoys, tender ſighs make haſte,—
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,—
Raptures and paradiſe
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd.
(Forcing her all this time.)

Enter Mr. LOVEMORE.

LOVE. Zoons, this is too much.

Sir BRIL. What the devil's the matter now? *(Kneels down to buckle his ſhoe.)* This confounded buckle is always plaguing me.——My dear boy, Lovemore,—I rejoice to ſee thee.

(They ſtand looking at each other.)

LOVE. And have you the confidence to look me in the face?

Sir BRIL. I was telling your lady here, of the moſt whimſical adventure—

LOVE. Don't add the meanneſs of falſhood, to the black attempt of invading your friend's happineſs.—I did imagine, Sir, from the long intercourſe that has ſubſiſted between us, that you might have had delicacy enough, feeling enough, honour enough, Sir,—not to meditate an injury like this.

Sir BRIL. Ay, ay, it's all over, I'm detected *(Aſide.)* Mr. Lovemore, if begging your pardon for this raſhneſs will any ways atone—

LOVE. No, Sir, nothing can atone. The provocation you have given me, would juſtify my drawing upon you this inſtant, did not that lady and this roof protect you.

Sir BRIL. But, Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE.

LOVE. But, Sir——

Sir BRIL. I only beg——

LOVE. Pray Sir,—Sir, I inſiſt—I won't hear a word.

Sir BRIL. I declare upon my honour——

LOVE. Honour! for ſhame, Sir Brilliant, don't uſe the word.

Sir BRIL. If begging pardon of that lady——

LOVE. That lady!—I deſire you will never ſpeak to that lady.

Sir BRIL. Nay, but prithee, Lovemore—

LOVE. Po! Po! don't tell me, Sir—(*walks about in anger.*)

Enter Sir BASHFUL.

Sir BASH. Did not I hear loud words among you?—I certainly did—What are ye quarrelling about?

LOVE. Read that, Sir Baſhful (*Gives him Sir Brilliant's Letter.*) Read that, and judge if I have not cauſe—(*Sir Baſhful reads to himſelf.*)

Sir BRIL. Hear but what I have to ſay—

LOVE. No, Sir, no;—I have done with you for the preſent—as for you, Madam, I am ſatisfied with your conduct—I was indeed a little alarmed, but, I have been a witneſs of your behaviour, and I am above harbouring low ſuſpicions—

Sir BASH. Upon my word Mr. Lovemore, this is carrying the jeſt too far—

LOVE. Sir!—it is the baſeſt thing, a gentleman can be guilty of—

Sir BASH. Why ſo I think.—Sir Brilliant, (*To him aſide.*) here take this letter, and read it to him—his own letter to my wife—(*Aſide.*)

Sir BRIL. Let me have it—(*Aſide.*) (*Takes the letter.*)

Sir BASH. 'Tis indeed as you ſay the worſt thing a gentleman can be guilty of.

LOVE. 'Tis an unparallelled breach of friendſhip:

Sir BRIL. Well, I can't ſee any thing ſo unparal-

lelled in it—I believe it will not be found to be without a precedent—as for example—*(Reads.)*

" To My Lady Conſtant——

" *Why ſhould I conceal, my dear Madam, that your* " *charms have touched my heart ?*"

Love. *(in amaze.)* Zoons! my letter—*(Aſide.)* " *I long have lov'd you, long adored. Could I but* " *flatter myſelf*"—*(Lovemore walks about uneaſy; Sir Brilliant follows him.)*

Sir Bash. There, Mr. Lovemore, the baſeſt thing a man can be guilty of!———

Sir Bril. *(Reads)* " *Could I but flatter myſelf with* " *the leaſt kind return.*"———

Love. Confuſion! Let me ſeize the letter out of his hand. *(Snatches it from him.)*

Sir Bash. The baſeſt thing, a man can be guilty of, Mr. Lovemore!———

Love. All a forgery, Sir; all a forgery.

Sir Bash. That I deny; it's the very identical letter, my lady threw away with ſuch indignation—My lady Conſtant, how have I wrong'd you!—That was the cauſe of your taking it ſo much to heart, Mr. Lovemore, was it?———

Love. A mere contrivance to palliate his guilt.

Sir Bril. Ha! ha! my dear Lovemore, I ſuppoſe you have been at this work with the widow Bellmour too.

Love. The widow Bellmour!—I never ſaw her but once in my life, and then it was to ſerve you, Sir.—

Sir Bril. Are you ſure of that?

Love. Po! po! I won't ſtay a moment longer among ye—I'll go into another room, to avoid ye all—I know little or nothing of the widow Bellmour, Sir, *(opens the ſtage door.)* Hell and deſtruction!—what fiend is conjured up here! Zoons! let me make my eſcape out of the houſe *(Runs acroſs the ſtage to the oppoſite door)*——

Mrs. Love. I'll ſecure this door—You muſt not go, my dear.

Love.

LOVE. S'death, Madam, let me paſs.

Mrs. LOVE. Nay, you ſhall ſtay, I want to introduce an acquaintance of mine to you.

LOVE. I deſire, Madam——

Enter Mrs. BELLMOUR.

Mrs. BELL. My Lord, my lord Etheridge; I am heartily glad to ſee your lordſhip (*Taking hold of him.*)

Mrs. LOVE. Do, my dear, let me introduce this lady to you (*Turning him to her.*)

LOVE. Here's the devil and all to do! (*Aſide.*)

Mrs. BELL. My Lord, this is the moſt fortunate encounter——

LOVE. I wiſh I was fifty miles off. (*Aſide.*)

Mrs. LOVE. Mrs. Bellmour, give me leave to introduce Mr. Lovemore to you (*Turning him to her.*)

Mrs. BELL. No, my dear Ma'am, let me introduce lord Etheridge to you (*Pulling him.*) My Lord——

Sir BRIL. In the name of wonder, what is all this?

Sir BASH. Wounds! is this another of his intrigues blown up?

Mrs. LOVE. My dear Ma'am, you're miſtaken; this is my huſband.

Mrs. BELL. Pardon me, Ma'am, 'tis my lord Etheridge.

Mrs. LOVE. My dear, how can you be ſo ill-bred in your own houſe?—Mrs. Bellmour,—this is Mr. Lovemore.

LOVE. Are you going to toſs me in a blanket, Madam?—call up the reſt of your people, if you are.

Mrs. BELL. Pſhaw!—Prithee now, my Lord, leave off your humours;—Mrs. Lovemore, this is my lord Etheridge, a lover of mine, who has made propoſals of marriage to me.

LOVE. Confuſion! let me get rid of theſe two furies (*Breaks away from them.*)

Sir BASH. He has been tampering here too, has he?

Mrs. BELL. (*follows him,*)—My Lord I say! my lord Etheridge!—won't your Lordſhip know me?

LOVE. This is the moſt damnable accident!

(*Aſide.*)

Mrs. BELL. I hope your Lordſhip has not forgot your appointment at my houſe this evening.

LOVE. Ay, now my turn is come. (*Aſide.*)

Mrs. BELL. Prithee, my Lord, what have I done, that you treat me with this coldneſs? Come, come, you ſhall have a wife, I will take compaſſion on you.

LOVE. Damnation! I can't ſtand this, (*Aſide.*)

Sir BASH. Murder will out—murder will out—

Mrs. BELL. Come, cheer up, my Lord;—What the duce, your dreſs is alter'd!—What's become of the ſtar and the ribband?—And ſo the gay, the florid, the magnifique lord Etheridge, dwindles down into plain Mr. Lovemore, the married man! Mr. Lovemore, your moſt obedient, very humble ſervant, Sir.

LOVE. I can't bear to feel myſelf in ſo ridiculous a circumſtance. (*Aſide.*)

Sir BASH. He has been paſſing himſelf for a lord; has he?—

Mrs. BELL. I beg my compliments to your friend Mrs. Loveit; and I am much oblig'd to you both for your very honourable deſigns—(*Curteſying to him.*)

LOVE. I never was ſo aſham'd in all my life!

Sir BRIL. So, ſo, ſo, all his pains were to hide the ſtar from me.—This diſcovery is a perfect cordial to my dejected ſpirits.

Mrs. BELL. Mrs. Lovemore, I cannot ſufficiently acknowledge the providence, that directed you to pay me a viſit, tho' I was wholly unknown to you; and I ſhall henceforth conſider you as my deliverer.

LOVE.

LOVE. Zoons; It was ſhe that fainted away in the cloſet, and be damn'd to her jealouſy (*Aſide.*)

Sir BRIL. By all that's whimſical, an odd ſort of an adventure this—My Lord, (*advances to him.*) my Lord,—my lord Etheridge, as the man ſays in the play, "Your lordſhip's right welcome back to Denmark."

LOVE. Now he comes upon me.—Oh! I'm in a fine ſituation. (*Aſide.*)

Sir BRIL. My Lord, I hope that ugly pain in your lordſhip's ſide is abated.

LOVE. Abſurd, and ridiculous, (*Aſide*)

Sir BRIL. There is nothing forming there, I hope, my Lord.

LOVE. Damnation! I can't bear all this——Po! po!—No more, Sir Brilliant, don't tell me—(*goes toward the door in the back ſcene.*) Here is another fiend—I am beſet with them——

Enter Lady CONSTANT.

LOVE. No way for an eſcape?—(*attempts both ſtage doors, and is prevented.*)

Lady CON. Mr. Lovemore, it is the luckieſt thing in the world, that you are come home—

LOVE. Ay, it's all over—Tell the ſheriffs officers, I am ready—

Lady CON. I have loſt every thing I play'd for; quite broke; four by honours againſt me, every time—Do Mr. Lovemore, lend me another hundred.

LOVE. I would give a hundred pound you were all in *Nova Scotia.*

Lady CON. Nay, then take the reſt of your money; I will have nothing to do with it—

Sir BASH. Zookers, that money—Oh! I am going to blab—

Lady

Lady Con. There, Sir, I deſpiſe it and the intention with which it was offered—(*Throws the notes to him.*)

Love. (*picking them up.*) This will plague Sir Baſhful however (*Aſide.*)

Lady Con. Mrs. Lovemore, let me tell you, you are married to the falſeſt man; he has deceived me ſtrangely.

Mrs. Love. I begin to feel for him, and to pity his uneaſineſs.

Mrs. Bell. Never talk of pity; let him be probed to the quick.

Sir Bash. The caſe is pretty plain, I think now, Sir Brilliant.

Sir Bril. Pretty plain, upon my ſoul—Ha! ha!

Love. I'll turn the tables upon Sir Baſhful, for all this—(*Takes Sir Baſhful's letter, out of his pocket.*) where is the mighty harm now, in this letter?

Sir Bash. Where is the harm?——

Love. (*Reads.*) "*I cannot, my deareſt life, any* "*longer behold*——

Sir Bash. Shame and confuſion! I am undone. (*Aſide.*)

Love. Hear this, Sir Baſhful—"*The manifold* "*vexations, of which thro' a falſe prejudice I am my-* "*ſelf the occaſion.*

Lady Con. What is all this?

Sir Bash. I am a loſt man (*Aſide.*)

Love. Mind, Sir Baſhful. "*I am therefore re-* "*ſolved, after many conflicts with myſelf, to throw off* "*the maſk, and frankly own a paſſion, which the fear of* "*falling into ridicule has in appearance ſuppreſſed.*"

Sir Bash. 'Sdeath! I'll hear no more of it—(*Snatches at the letter.*)

Love. No, Sir; I reſign it here, where it was directed, and with it, my lady Conſtant, theſe notes which Sir Baſhful gave me for your uſe.

Lady

Lady Con. This is all a myſtery!—it is his hand ſure enough—

Love. Yes, Madam, and thoſe are his ſentiments, which he explained to me more at large.

Lady Con. *(reads.)* " *Accept the preſents which* " *I myſelf have ſent you; money, attendance, equipage,* " *and every thing elſe you ſhall command; and in re-* " *turn, I ſhall only entreat you to conceal from the* " *world that you have raiſed a flame in this heart,* " *which will ever ſhew me,*

" *My deareſt life,*

" *Your moſt affectionate huſband,*

" Bashful Constant.

All. Ha! ha!—

Sir Bril. So, ſo, ſo!—he has been in love with his wife all this time, has he?—Sir Baſhful, will you go and ſee the new comedy with me?—

Sir Bash. I ſhall bluſh thro' the world all the reſt of my life *(Aſide.)*

Sir Bril. But, Lovemore, this is a pretty come-off—Pray now, don't you think it a baſe thing to invade the happineſs of a friend? or to do him a clandeſtine wrong? or to injure him with the woman he loves?—

Love. To cut the matter ſhort with you, Sir,—we are both raſcals.

Sir Bril. Raſcals!

Love. Ay! both! we are pretty fellows indeed!—

Mrs Bell. I am glad to find you are awakened to a ſenſe of your error.

Love. I am, Madam, and I am frank enough to own it—I am above attempting to diſguiſe my feelings, when I am conſcious they are on the ſide of truth and honour,—and, Madam, with a ſincere re-

morſe,

morſe, I aſk your pardon.—I ſhould aſk pardon of my lady Conſtant too, but the truth is, Sir Baſhful threw the whole affair in my way; and, when a huſband will be aſhamed of loving a valuable woman, he muſt not be ſurpriſed if other people take her caſe into conſideration, and love her for him.—

Sir Bril. Why, faith that does in ſome ſort apologize for him—

Sir Bash. Sir Baſhful! Sir Baſhful! thou ar't ruin'd—*(Aſide.)*

Mrs. Bell. Well, Sir, upon certain terms, I don't know but I may ſign and ſeal your pardon—

Love. Terms!—what terms!——

Mrs. Bell. That you make due expiation of your guilt to that lady.

Love. That lady, Ma'am!—That lady has no reaſon to complain.

Mrs. Love. No reaſon to complain, Mr. Lovemore!

Love. No, Madam,—none! for whatever may have been my imprudences, they have had their ſource in your conduct.

Mrs. Love. In my conduct, Sir!

Love. In your conduct!—I here declare before this company,—and I am above palliating the matter, I here declare, that no man in England cou'd be better inclin'd to domeſtic happineſs, if you, Madam, on your part, had been willing to make home agreeable.

Mrs. Love. There I confeſs he touches me. *(Aſide.)*

Love. You cou'd take pains enough before marriage,—you would put forth all your charms,—practiſe all your arts,—and make your features pleaſe by rule;—for ever changing,—running an eternal round of variety:—and all this to win my affections:—but when you had won them, you did not think them worth your keeping——Never dreſs'd, pen-

penſive,—ſilent,—melancholy;—and the only entertainment in my houſe, was the dear pleaſure of a dull conjugal *Tete-a-Tete*; and all this inſipidity, becauſe you think the ſole merit of a wife conſiſts in her virtue:—a fine way of amuſing a huſband, truly!

Sir BRIL. Upon my ſoul, and ſo it is—*(Laughing.)*

Mrs. LOVE. Sir, I muſt own there is too much truth in what you ſay — this lady has open'd my eyes, and convinc'd me there was a miſtake in my former conduct.

LOVE. Come, come, you need ſay no more.—I forgive you—I forgive—

Mrs. LOVE. Forgive!—I like that air of confidence, when you know that on my ſide, it is at worſt an error in judgment, whereas on yours—

Mrs. BELL. Po! Po! never ſtand diſputing—you know each others faults and virtues—you have nothing to do but to mend the former, and enjoy the latter—There, there, there,—kiſs and be friends—There, Mrs. Lovemore, take your reclaim'd libertine to your arms.—

LOVE. 'Tis in your power, Madam, to make a reclaim'd libertine of me indeed.

Mrs. LOVE. From this moment it ſhall be our mutual ſtudy to pleaſe each other—

LOVE. A match with all my heart—I ſhall hereafter be aſhamed only of my follies, but never ſhall be aſhamed of owning that I ſincerely love you—

Sir BASH. Shan't you be aſham'd?

LOVE. Never Sir—

Sir BASH. And will you keep me in countenance then?

LOVE. I will.

Sir BASH. Give me your hand—I forgive you all from the bottom of my heart—My Lady Conſtant,

I own the letter, I own the ſentiments of it, *(embraces her)* and from this moment I take you to my heart.

Lady Con. If you hold in this humour, Sir Baſhful, our quarrels are at an end.

Sir Bril. And now is my turn to make reſtitution here— *(Gives lady* Conſtant *the buckles.)*

Sir Bash. Ay, ay, make reſtitution—Lovemore! This is the conſequence of his having ſome tolerable phraſe—and a perſon, Mr. Lovemore! ha! ha!—

Sir Bril. Why, I own the laugh is againſt me; with all my heart; for faith, I am glad to ſee my friends happy at laſt—Lovemore, may I preſume to hope for pardon at that lady's hands *(points to Mrs.* Lovemore.*)*

Love. My dear confederate in vice, your pardon is granted.—Two ſad dogs we have been,—but come, give us your hand,—we have us'd each other damnably—for the future we will endeavour to make each other amends.

Sir Bril. And ſo we will.

Love. And now I heartily congratulate the whole company, that this buſineſs has had ſo happy a tendency to convince each of us of our folly.

Mrs. Bell. Pray, Sir, don't draw me into ſhare of your folly.

Love. Come, come, my dear Ma'am, you are not without your ſhare of it. This will teach you for the future, to be content with one lover at a time, without liſtening to a fellow you know nothing of,—becauſe he aſſumes a title, and reports well of himſelf.

Mrs. Bell. The reproof is juſt, I grant it.

Love. Come, let us join the company chearfully, keep our own ſecrets, and not make ourſelves a town-talk.—

Sir Bash. Ay, ay; let us keep the ſecret.

Love. What, returning to your fears again?

Sir BASH. I have done.—

LOVE. Tho' faith, if this buſineſs were known in the world, it might prove a very uſeful leſſon. The men would ſee how their paſſions may carry them into the danger of wounding the boſom of a friend, —the ladies wou'd learn, that after the marriage rites, they ſhou'd not ſuffer their powers of pleaſing to languiſh away, but ſhou'd ſtill remember to ſacrifice to the graces.

To win a man, when all your pains ſucceed,
The Way to Keep Him, *is a taſk indeed.*

FINIS.

SONG for Mrs. CIBBER in the WAY TO KEEP HIM. Third Act.

Words by Mr. GARRICK. Musick by Dr. ARNE.

I.

YE fair married dames who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish, what beauty has caught.

II.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh:
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die, as your beauties decay.

III.

Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite GUITTAR,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

IV.

The SPARROW *and* LINNET *will feed from your hand;*
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

V.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And HYMEN *shall rivet the fetters of* LOVE.

9 9 8 2 6

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ... NGELES
... UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

315

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

Univ
S